

·THY BROTHER LEONIDAS;

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Thy Brother Leonidas

BY

SARAH WILDER PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE," "TIM'S FAIRY TALES," "HELPS," "LIFTS," ETC., ETC.

that lurks each form within Beckons to spirits of its kin;
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes."
—Emerson.

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To my best beloved, my sister,

WHOSE LIFE FILLED WITH THE PATIENCE OF ENDURING LOVE, HAS BEEN AN EXAMPLE OF COURAGE
TO ME IN ALL TIMES OF DISCOURAGEMENT,
AND A STRENGTH IN MANY HOURS
OF DARKNESS, I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK

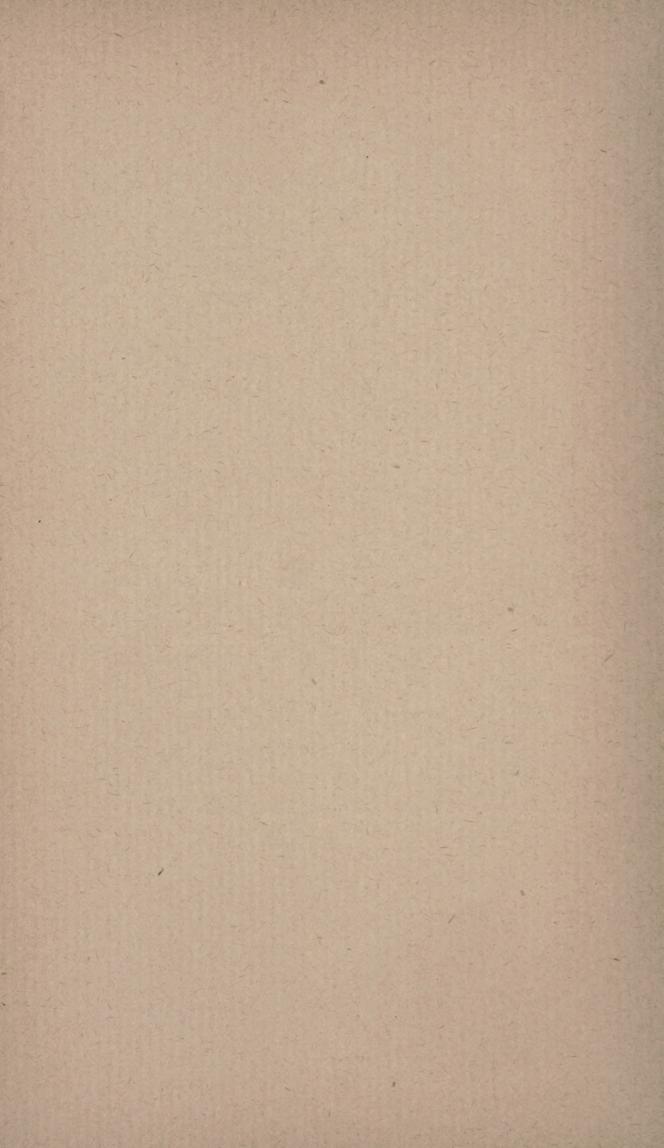
in loving remembrance.

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PREFACE.

If in the mind of one soul who reads these pages a single seed thought shall be planted, and, germinating unfold its beauty and its power, bearing its fruition and its blessing, I shall be glad that I had the courage to send it forth into the great thought world. If one soul learns through any thought herein expressed the power of love on its highest plane, I shall be glad; if any child shall be better born, through hints of pre-natal influence, then this book has not been written in vain. If it teaches to any one the joy and great reward of conscious well-doing, my desire is accom-S. W. P. plished.



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THY BROTHER LEONIDAS.

CHAPTER I.

It was seven-thirty by my companion's watch as we left the breakfast table at Kaye's Park, and sauntered down the flower bordered walk, leading to the summer house at the water's edge of beautiful Lake Geneva. It was a perfectly clear morning in early July, 1880.

We had arrived the night before, glad to escape from the heat, and from the mental pressure always felt in any large city, especially in Chicago, where enterprise and push are the all-prevailing forces.

We had the evening before, been invited to take a sail with a party, in a beautiful new boat owned by the son of a wealthy Chicagoan, whose summer home was at the Lake.

So great had been our gladness to breathe the dustless air of that wonderfully beautiful lake region, that we breakfasted early for the purpose of enjoying all the beauty of the time and place possible before the stir began.

Such verdure as Lake Geneva is bordered with; such marvelous green of forest trees, whose roots may drink perpetually of that clear lake; such coloring of sky and water, sweet air and freshness everywhere, can certainly not be excelled, even in the famed resorts of the old world.

O America! How beautiful thou art! Go where we will, we may find enchantment, whether it be along the blue Gulf of the South; in paradicial California with her Golden Gate and countless treasures; in the Rocky Mountains of her western portion; in the heart of the Yellowstone Park; in picturesque and beautiful Salt Lake City; in Colorado Springs and the Garden of the Gods, or among the innumerable and continuous chain of lakes whose waters coursing through the St. Lawrence, wash her Atlantic coast, and mingle at last in the Gulf Stream.

O America, thy children are blessed indeed! Within thy bosom are found the treasures of the universe. Thou lackest naught of gold and silver, and of copper, coal and oil, thou art the rich possessor. Thy waters are a perpetual comfort to thy people; and he who will may find all these riches, and prove himself great in power and fortune. One shall find whatever he will, whatever he seeks, and know want no more. It only needs steadfastness of purpose to coin thy gold and live in plenty. None need be poor on this continent, if only he will learn to know that work is divine, and that success is the reward of a steady-hearted purpose.

But I was going to tell you about our sail. The hour of quiet inbreathing in the rustic arbor had already quickly passed, we found. And my companion again drew out his watch and exclaimed, "We must leave this resting place, for the party is already at the pier. They are hoisting the sails; we shall lose our ride if we linger."

I did not want to go, so peaceful, so blissful was that waiting hour, but he had promised, and go we must.

We could hear distinctly the shouting and merrymaking as the guests came hurriedly to the end of the pier; a merry crew indeed. Sweethearts and friends, philosophers and poets; a well chosen company.

One distinguished looking person, as dignified as a Duchess, robed in a white morning gown, the becoming folds of which fell in ripples on the rug beneath her feet, was already seated in the boat.

I was a stranger to nearly all the party, therefore little was expected of me aside from the compliments of the day. This gave me ample time to observe character, a study which had ever been my ceaseless delight. I felt some satisfaction that I was not likely to be disturbed, consequently less likely to be mistaken. I should need no other entertainment, than to read the variety of faces in our morning boat load.

To tell you all the names of the company would be tiresome. But I wish it were possible to photograph the charming assembly.

There was the tall and elegant Professor Scales and his much admired wife, a motherly, gracious woman, whose manner bespoke an acquaintance with cultured society, and who possessed an apparent habit of thoughtfulness for others, interesting indeed.

There was a charming young lady whom they called Jessie Dunkirk and whom I soon learned to be the daughter of the one I had named in a whisper to my companion, "The Duchess," a name which I afterward laughingly addressed her by, and by which she soon came to be known. So free and frolicsome was Jessie Dunkirk in her mirth that it soon proved contagious, and she at times kept the whole company convulsed with laughter. Her dainty, dimpled hands were soft as her dimpled cheeks, the rosy tint of which, together with her brown eyes and hair, made her an attractive presence.

I noticed that the eyes of the "Duchess" were seldom absent from her beautiful daughter, and that there was one other in the company, a young man, apparently a little her senior, tall, dark and lean, Frank Dayton by name, who also had neither eyes nor ears for any one but Jessie. He was the owner of the boat, and was very proud of it, as well as of his skill in sailing it.

I particularly noticed another gentleman, pleasing and kindly in appearance, whom I

found to be the father of Jessie Dunkirk. With him was the Rev. Edward Sevor of Kentucky, who had the reputation of being rich, though you would not guess it from his clothing, which presented a striking contrast to that of his gay young wife. Half a dozen young ladies, and as many grown boys just from college,—perhaps I ought to say young men, who had come to the Lake for a summer's pleasure and who were bound to crowd their days with fun and frolic, completed the list of passengers.

As I sat thinking upon all that was passing about me, I wondered what would be the outcome of just this one trip, how many hearts Cupid would pierce with his arrows, and how many marriages impelled by fancy, or pushed by the need of a fortune?

You see I was comparatively free to speculate, since my companion had the happy faculty of doing the agreeable for us both, especially when I chose to be quiet and absorb myself in the work of reading faces.

Over the waters of the beautiful lake the boat, with her white sails, sped like an arrow to Williams Bay, a place then scarcely known. It had not the life and stir of to-

day, nineteen years from the time of which I write.

Nineteen eventful years! Oh, how eventful to some, perhaps to all of that party!

My companion—well I did not start to write of him or of myself, so I will only say he has gone. But the bliss of those hours and many others, and of months and years, are burning fresh in the memory still; a dream that makes life precious and tinges many a day of then undreamed of hardships, with a glory of illumination that promises a fuller realization in the great forever. The young folks around me in their exuberant spirits were calling out in good natured raillery and in wild extravaganza.

"Ho! helmsman," called one, "whither steerest thou so blindly? Knowest thou not there is danger here? Take care, or we shall be run ashore."

Another voice rang out:

"Pilot, pilot, it seems to me 'tis thine own life boat thou art absorbed in steering. Thou hast eyes only for the sweet face of thy guest. And she,—well! Have some care for her, and keep the boat in its true

course. The lowlands of Williams Bay may prove less interesting to thee than Geneva, at the other end of the Lake."

Cried another:

"Your nautical knowledge gained at Yale is better applied to the oars than the sails. With the fairest belle of the season, I challenge you all to the use of them tonight."

Just then our boat turned quickly. The young folks ceased their banter. The wind that had been blowing so softly now freshened up, striking the sails with such force that but for the expertness of the "lean young man" we certainly should have been capsized.

In the space of ten minutes he had risen to the position of hero, and we forgot his leanness, and his absorption in Miss Dunkirk, of whom every one wished to know more. We remembered only, with gratitude, that we had escaped an unexpected bath because of his skill.

Another gust struck the sail, the sun was suddenly obscured; the lake grew dark and wild; a low rumble of thunder was heard; the darkness deepened, and the sky was

quickly overcast; a moment more and the rain poured, almost as from a water spout.

"Quick, boys!" shouted the helmsman. "Lower the sail, man the oars, and row for life, and the sweet praise of eyes that are like stars in darksome night.

"Quick! Bend to your oars like one man. Prove your power! boys of Yale! The lake is rough with frenzy. Look ye! To the boat-house yonder, leagues away. We can find shelter there until the storm is past," shouted the same voice.

Whence the storm had come, none could guess, so unexpectedly had it burst upon us. A watchful eye might have seen its approach. But enjoyment was the sole aim of this boat load of merry makers.

"Pull away, boys! Long strokes! The boathouse is coming closer in view. The waves are following us like bloodhounds. Quick! Steady! Strong!" shouted again the helmsman, whose voice was almost lost in the noise of the storm.

"Once behind the boathouse and we are saved. It is impossible now to try to make the pier."

All not pulling at the oars sat breathless.

The boat moved with great swiftness, for the waves were pushing, and at the same time leaping in fierce sport over its edges, leaving not a dry thread on any one of us.

A few more minutes and the boat with a great bound plunged on to the rocks behind the boathouse. The rain was still pouring. Not a word was heard. The unloading was an affair of moments only, and shelter was found in the boathouse.

"Thank God!" were the first words spoken. The thunder and lightning played in deafening peals and blinding flashes.

What was to be done? We could only wait for the storm to subside, and let our clothes dry on us. There was no danger of colds, for fear had so fevered the blood that the drying process had already commenced, and this sudden shower had grown into such a terrible storm that for a time it looked as though we were imprisoned for the day.

There were not as many steamers running then as now, and there would have been no possibility of hailing one if it had been near. We had only to wait.

Suddenly we thought we heard screams, and then came a thud against the boat-

house. Looking out through the small window two white faces were seen, and hands clinging to the mast of an upturned sailboat.

Frank Dayton waited not an instant, but throwing off what clothing he could, plunged out into the storm and waves. For a time he was lost to sight. A moment more and he had seized in his strong left arm a drowning girl who appeared lifeless and a dead weight in his grasp. It was now life or death with him. What thoughts may have passed through his mind in that instant of time! But he had made himself the hero of the hour once before this same day. Did he think of the flashing brown eyes, or only of his life-saving service, or how best to reach the shore? It was not safe to try to gain the boathouse in any other way. What would become of the other white-faced form now floating? Was he alive or dead?

Once, twice the muscular youth seemed to be proving himself master. The third time he was carried by the fierce but kindly waves on to a safe spot of the shore. For an instant he looked at the face of the girl, placed his hand over her heart, and, quickly lifting her, picked his way with firm and clinging feet across the slippery walk into the boathouse and laid her on the floor. Turning, he rushed with a sudden impulse and plunged again into the waves, where two of the rowers had already preceded him. It was no child's play to wrestle with these waves or search for drowning ones.

Whilst the search for bodies was going on without, the fight for life was going on within. A doctor and surgeon were not wanting. They began active operations upon the insensible girl. They did all that alert minds and an emergency suggested. They knew that life was not extinct. "She is not dead," said the surgeon, "and will soon be herself again," for he had noticed a slight motion of the eyelids, though they did not open. Scarcely had he made this announcement when another body, apparently lifeless, was brought in by two of the oarsmen and laid on the crowded floor.

"Quick! For God's sake, be quick!" said one of the men to the surgeon. "It will take all your skill to bring life back into nis body. I am afraid it is gone. He must live, this glorious Richard Dent. We can none of us spare him, least of all we college boys. He is so good, so glorious."

"He's always our leader, always our peacemaker," said another.

"Roll him over on his face," said the surgeon. "Here, doctor, take charge of this case. The girl is breathing faintly now. There is no drug shop near and we fellows are all empty pocketed. We shall have to depend upon the Divine Spirit this time to restore her. Speak to her, and encourage her. She will hear you, and see to it, each of you, that you keep up your own courage and thus encourage her, while I give my attention to Richard," said Surgeon Helm turning to the form that had just been brought in.

I noticed he did not say "poor Richard." It struck me then as a little cold and unsympathetic. I have learned since why he did not call him "poor." There was wisdom in it that I did not then understand.

"Where is Frank?" shouted Hal, the first oarsman. "Good Lord! We must search for him. He may be in the bottom of the lake by this time."

"Not he," replied Surgeon Helm. "You might as well try to drown a duck. Be the waves ever so fierce he would ride upon them."

"Here, boys! Stand Richard on his head, so as to let the water run out of his lungs. I can then perhaps pump them full of air. Down, now, on his back."

The surgeon, kneeling, began pressing upon his chest, alternately blowing into his mouth.

"Quick, boys! Chafe his hands and feet, and call life back into them. He has not gone. He is only overcome by fear and those tough waves. Work lively, boys, but tenderly. He has good lungs and they must breath again 'the breath of life.'"

For a little time all was silence and anxious expectation. The roar without was growing still more intense. In this moment all was forgotten save Richard, when Hal in the intensity of his own anxiety burst in upon the scene, perfectly unmindful of what was before him. "I tell you, boys, Frank would have been a 'goner' if I had been half a second later." Two of the boys sprang to catch Frank and lay him care-

fully down, for he could not stand. He was as colorless as his outing suit of white, but he quickly revived. His first words were, "There were no more, only these two, or I should have found them. As much of a duck as I am, and as familiar with this lake as I am, I have never seen it as to-day. So calm and beautiful when we started, and whipped into such madness in so short a time." Frank had raised himself upon his elbow.

"How is the poor fellow, and who is he?"
"Richard Dent," was the reply.

"What! Not Richard Dent?" exclaimed Frank. "For God's sake save him!" and he sprang to where the workers were.

"That is easy to say," replied Surgeon Helm. "You would better ask God yourself. We need His help; none other can save him."

"Oh, we cannot spare him," Frank continued. "College would not be college without Richard. He is everything to us," he said, bending tenderly over him.

"Stand back," said Surgeon Helm, "I think he will be restored; give him breathing room. More air, open the door. His

case is not hopeless, though an instant more beneath the waves would have finished him. Is there not a cottage close by, Hal, where we can get something for him to take that will warm him?"

"I'll see," said Hal, and he darted out of the door and flew to the nearest cottage, not far away, which belonged to the owner of the boathouse.

He returned in less time than it takes to write, with the announcement, "Temperance! Camphor was all I could get."

"A little of that will do," said Helm.

"Three drops in a spoonful of water will help him."

It was quickly prepared and poured down Richard's open mouth.

"Who can spare a wrap?" asked the surgeon. "He lives, the noble fellow lives."

"We have not a dry rag," said Jessie, our bright companion, who, during all the excitement, had not spoken a word.

At the request for a wrap Hal started again, and swifter than before he returned with a huge bundle, saying, "Here are wraps for you all, Richard first. What is his condition now, Helm?"

"Better, still better," replied Helm. "Hush! His lips move. The breath comes stronger now. He is spared to us, thank God."

"How is the girl?" asked the surgeon, looking toward her, having almost forgotten her in his anxiety for Richard.

She was sitting up, leaning wearily against the motherly-looking "Duchess," who was tenderly watching over her.

"This is Miss Starbright from Cincinnati, a visitor for to-day at the camp on the other side of the lake. She is my daughter's guest for the remainder of the season at Kaye's Park," said the "Duchess," "and we cannot be thankful enough for her escape. Are you feeling better?" she asked, stroking with her palms Miss Starbright's wet hair as if to dry it. The "Duchess'" beautiful daughter was kneeling close to her friend, perfectly white with fear, not yet overcome. She was chafing the cold hands in all the tender love of girl friendship.

"Do not mind me," replied Miss Starbright faintly, "if only he, my friend, is alive!"

At least two hours had been occupied in

this anxious way and none had thought of the condition of things without until now. When they were assured no life was lost they began to speculate about getting home.

The rowers found that it would be safe to fly the sails, though in every way the boat had been badly damaged, still it did not leak, and with right good will they made ready for the homeward trip. By this time the wind had dropped to a dead calm, but the sullen roar of the waves sounded like the growl of a defeated foe.

CHAPTER II.

It was the seventh night after the storm on the lake described in the preceding chapter that the merry-making at the Park ran unusually high. Youth never was gayer or more sparkling with resistless wit and fun. The events of that morning's boat ride would never be forgotten by any one who had participated in its terrors and anxieties, nor would gratitude ever cease to live in the hearts of those who had so narrowly escaped death. What the sequel was to be they had yet to learn. The greatest events in our lives are ofttimes the result of less startling incidents, because Love is a busy archer. All times are his.

The story of their peril had been told over and over, and over again, by those who had witnessed it, until it was quite doubtful how much coloring it had gained, since there was sufficient of the tragic to build upon.

On this evening dancing was the order,

and feet never flew faster or more tirelessly. It was enough for me to sit and look on to catch the joy-tones and words of love that fell on my ears as some of the gay couples whirled by me. "Thou art my life," in softened tones. Of course, they might have been the words of a waltz song! I smiled, for who does not love lovers? Just then I heard, "How fair thou art;" "mine forever;" "a cot in the valley for us two." And many were the swiftly flowing sentiments as the ceaseless whirl went on.

O youth, how beautiful art thou! Why shouldst thou ever fade? Why should woman lose her charm and man his glorious power? Is there no fountain of perpetual youth? If God is to-day and forever the same, then there can be no age in God. The earth is renewed perpetually. Then why not man? Surely the source of his being must contain the secret, for every aspiration of the human heart must be a promise that the answer awaits the discoverer, and but foreshadows an eternal truth.

The night was very warm and my companion and I left the busy throng for a

seat in the cool retreat at the water's edge. It is strange how lovers seek seclusion. We thought we should be alone, but we could turn in no direction without meeting other couples bent upon the same errand.

We had been seated but a few minutes and were quite in a shadow when two girls entered, and, thinking themselves alone, spoke freely. We realized ourselves to be in the uncomfortable position of catching secret whispers, and were meditating a bold escape when they left the arbor, but not until they had given another picture of the dancers.

"Julius Whiting is just madly in love with Jessie Dunkirk," said one.

"She don't care much for him evidently," said her companion. "It is no wonder that he complains that she is too provokingly charming for anything. She is just as sweet to one as to another, and accepts the attention of one with as much grace as that of another. She is beautiful. I don't believe, though, that Mr. Whiting will ever win her, because of his accursed inheritance, selfishness. Any girl if she wasn't a fool would see that," said Zella Starbright's companion.

"My philosophy," said Zella, "does not permit of wholesale criticism. I believe in Divine ruling and that true love guides in safety."

"And I, too," said Richard Dent, who had

come suddenly upon them.

"And that is why we find ourselves together to-night," and, taking her arm, he added, "I would give more for one wise sentence from your lips, Zella, than for all that could be bestowed upon me by Jessie, whom you admire so much. She is foolish, really a child in mentality, whilst you always speak like an oracle."

"Do you think you will always speak to me in that way, Richard, and that after we are married and living quietly by ourselves that you will rely upon my word and trust me absolutely? I have scant beauty you know, and beauty seems to be a ruling power that you men easily succumb to."

"You should not say succumb to, Zella."
"Yes, I repeat succumb to, Richard, because your sex seems to lack stability, or fixedness of purpose. Many a life is to-day wrecked upon a sweet pledge of devotion given to pure and trusting womanhood,

that has been broken, if not before, a few months after marriage. To marry for love, as it seems to be known to-day, is to marry for position, a home, or some one to take you out evenings, a sort of respectable tag by which to claim proper attention, a safeguard for a young woman in dark nights and lonely places."

"Zella, this may appear true; but it is the wrecked and the wreckers that the world hears most about. There are thousands of true and faithful hearts like my own that walk in sweet companionship with such as you. It is your goodness, Zella, that wins me, and will bind me forever to you. I need no other love but yours to guide me through any darkness, to save me from temptations such as many a poor fellow has been driven into just for the want of a true heart in which to trust."

Zella's companion, Susie Clay, had skipped out as Richard entered, but here the conversation was interrupted by two girls rushing into the summer-house, wholly unmindful of the presence of others.

"Jessie, you are shamefully mean to

Julius Whiting. He loves you, one can't help seeing that sometimes you hardly treat him decently, and you are always indifferent to him."

"Well," replied Jessie with spirit, "I don't want to be bothered talking to any one person all the time. I like everybody and almost everything, but my freedom best of all. I have been bound to books long enough. I am free now from them. I am determined to have a good time and no one shall hinder me, not even Julius Whiting."

"Why, Jess, you don't look as if it troubled you that much to have him attentive to you; some would think you were enjoying it."

"Well, I am not, Fannie, and I have just come away to scold a little to you, and to get a breath of fresh air. Now I can go back and smile on everybody, and feel good, too, for I have let out all the meanness his disagreeable attentions caused in me."

"Is that the way you keep amiable?" asked a masculine voice close by. "Maybe it's a good way, but I am getting a glimpse of human nature here that will be profit-

able to me," said Julius Whiting, who had entered unnoticed.

Jessie was so startled at his appearance that she turned scarlet under the conflicting emotions of fear and indignation; fear lest he had heard all she had said, and indignation at his persistence in following her. Then, with girlish impulsiveness, her indignation burst forth:

"You have unwarrantedly surprised us, Mr. Whiting, and I shall not soon forgive you."

"I did not hear much of your conversation, Miss Dunkirk, but your voice is music to me," replied Julius.

This last remark quite reassured Jessie, but she said to herself with vexation, "Good enough for him if he heard it all."

"I have come to claim your company for the next dance, Miss Dunkirk. May I have the pleasure?" asked Julius obsequiously.

In a pettish manner Jessie answered, "I am promised for the rest of the evening," and she glanced at him to see how her words affected him.

"Hang it," said Julius, "I feel like shooting some of these fellows that have got in

ahead of me. I don't see how they manage to succeed when I fail."

"Nor I," mischievously replied Jessie, her good nature returning. "I am engaged to dance no more. My mother wishes me to keep quiet."

"Then I shall dance no more," replied Julius.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Jessie, giving her friend a nudge, "you would better go and dance with the other girls. They will be awfully disappointed if you don't. Fannie and I want a little privacy."

"Then I hope you will pardon my intrusion," said Julius. He turned quickly and walked toward the lake, jumping into a boat. He pushed off from the shore as though in anger. The oars beat quickly against the water and he was soon lost in the deep shadows of the night.

"I am afraid you have hurt his feelings, Jess," said Fannie.

"Well, it's not worse for him than for me. I am so annoyed with his presence. I might like him if I didn't see so plainly that he is dying to have me. It was the same way with Frank Dayton. I came very

near falling in love with him, but he was so attentive he spoiled it all. He understood my suggestions better than Mr. Whiting seems to, and finally turned to the next new face. What fools boys make of themselves when they think they are in love. It is seldom more than a mad fancy. They are infatuated with their own thoughts that they are in love with such or such an one, and then awaken suddenly to find it was only a fancy. It's a kind of measles, very contagious, too. Deliver me from the measles."

"I'm glad he's gone."

"What a girl you are, Jess."

"Well, I will be free anyhow," replied Jessie. "Let's go up and see how the dancers are getting on. I can breathe now that I am free from his persecutions. I hope he won't come back to-night."

"He may never come back," suggested Fannie.

"I hope he won't," replied Jessie, "but I am sure there is no such good news as that for me."

As the two girls reached the pavilion the Virginia Reel had just been called for.

"O, Fannie," said Jessie, catching the spirit of the dance, "I am engaged to you for this reel. I love it. It just suits my spirit."

"Would you dance, Jess, after telling Mr. Whiting you were engaged to your mother not to dance for the rest of the evening?"

"Why, yes," replied Jessie, in a spirited way, "I made the mental reservation that I was engaged to myself and that is to do just as I want to, to dance or not to dance."

"Then please excuse me, Jessie."

"All right then, Fannie, I accept the first man that comes along. There are three coming now."

"O Jessie, I'll dance with you rather than have you dance with any one else after having excused yourself as you have."

"Come then, we'll have a good time," and away they flew, but had reached only the center of the room when they were arrested by loud cries.

"Fire, fire!" screamed several voices all at once.

The scene was now all wild confusion. The dance was forgotten. Flames were seen bursting from the windows and through the roof of the kitchen.

"What has happened? How could there be a fire with dinner over so long?"

There was great fright, confusion and uproar until it was found there was more smoke than fire.

The result was a regular smudge, and the guests as well as proprietor having feared the worst, had pulled things out in wild disorder, hoping to save them. The grounds were filled with trunks and other movables, and there being no wind blackness settled down everywhere, saturating everything and filling every place with smoke.

"Such is life," cried out the familiar voice of Julius, who had not gone so far from the scene as his desperate manner had suggested that he meant to do, but had been hugging the shore, and, in the shadows, stealing close as if to keep watch and see whether Jessie "danced with any other fellow" or not.

"Such is life," he again repeated, "either enticing pleasure, or the smoke of disappointment,—and I don't like smoke."

CHAPTER III.

As the public steamer drew up to the pier of Kaye's Park the next morning the whistle sounded unusually sharp and imperative, or so the young ladies thought, for they had heard while at breakfast that Richard Dent had been hastily called home to Louisville on some sad errand.

He was held in such high esteem by all the company of the Park that even aside from the sadness of the tidings that called him there was real regret in the faces and voices of all present.

Susie Clay, the great-granddaughter of the renowned Henry Clay, was more tender in her manner and more impressive than usual, and peculiarly silent as the steamer moved away. Indeed, all the morning her changed manner was so noticeable that it inspired a few whispers concerning herself and young Dent. "Are they lovers?" asked not a few.

For the time a general sense of depres-

sion had fallen upon all. They talked of the fire, the smoke, the mosquitoes, and even of their narrow escape from drowning when they had taken that momentous morning sail, and of Richard's miraculous escape. Richard Dent was one of those quiet, self-masterful young men to whom all naturally pay respect. Though a man of few words, he impressed one with the thought that life is worth living, and made one feel a certain self respect and desire to show his best and think his best when with such an one. I was never more impressed than when in his presence with the truth of Emerson's words that "Virtue or vice emits a breath every instant."

He was tall, broad-shouldered, broadbrowed, with dark, deep, earnest eyes that rested one to look into. He was sourpoised, stalwart, yet gentle in his touch as a woman. His hands even seemed inspired to do only good and kindly deeds for others. No one knew much of him, save that he was from Louisville, and one of the college boys. He had come for a season's recreation to our beautiful Lake Geneva. He was a guest at the hotel, but he was his own letter of introduction, and needed no other. He had not been a day at the Park before all the children loved him, and their elders were drawn to him. Beyond all the other visitors he was helpful wherever he was. The children welcomed him, for he entered into their sports, played Jacks, spun their tops, and new-tailed their kites. The mothers trusted him, for they were perfectly confident that their daughters would receive considerate care, and the fathers found him a wise and interesting companion. He was afraid of nothing. No one could see that he was more marked in his attentions to one young lady than to another, unless it was Miss Starbright. was kindly respectful toward all. So it was lonely this morning when they realized that he had gone, until Jessie proposed asking Professor Scales to give them a lesson under the pavilion and allow the girls to bring their embroidery.

"And what will the boys do?" asked Julius Whiting.

"You can swing in the hammocks or lounge about the pavilion. I am sure you would not be far from the spot where we girls are, even if we had not the attraction of the learned professor."

"Oh, don't give us any more book learning," said Frank Dayton, "we have had enough of that in college and feel all stuffy with it now."

"But," said Zella Starbright, "the professor's lectures are from life; they are exceedingly entertaining as well as instructive, and you would enjoy hearing them. I, with Jessie, wish the professor would favor us this morning. Let us go and find him and make our request."

"I think it is a very bold thing to do, and that we are asking a great deal of a professional man who has come out here for rest and pleasure in calling him to tell us all he knows," said Fannie Davenport. "For my part, I don't like stupid things, and lectures are the stupidest of all."

"You are mightily mistaken if you think Professor Scales' lectures are stupid," said Surgeon Helm. "He is the most fascinating person, man or woman, that I ever listened to. You forget to be hungry. He has such a wonderful way of teaching that to hear his lectures is more like listening to stories than to anything else."

At this unusual laudation, Fannie, who had been quite captivated by Surgeon Helm, said, "I wonder if he knows how to give a lecture on love? That's the only thing I should be interested in this morning," and she cast a coquettish glance at Surgeon Helm, pursing up her rosy lips temptingly. Then her face quickly changed into an expression of serious thoughtfulness.

Fannie was one of those wild, impulsive girls, caring for nothing but a butterfly life. Petted, spoiled by her parents, indulged in every whim and caprice, all too easily intoxicated with pleasure her parents asked for nothing more from her than a return of that fond and selfish love, so harmony-destroying as well as life-destroying to every human being.

At this moment the professor, with a girl on each arm, came up and said, "Captured you see," addressing the "Duchess." "But when by two such nice girls as these, one rather enjoys captivity."

The "Duchess" smiled a ready welcome. "I have heard it suggested," she said, "that you give us a lecture on Love this morning. True Love, of course, was meant," she added, looking at Fannie significantly.

"'All the world loves lovers,' Emerson says," replied the professor. "Why should they not love love then? It is the sweetest thing in all the world, and the greatest power. I will try and tell you something about it in some one of its many phases, for

All love is eternal, pure, sublime, And lasts through the cycles of coming time.

"Come, girls, since you insist, I cannot resist. I feel in a gracious mood this morning," he continued, as they all came flocking to the pavilion, and when they were seated he began:

"I will tell you an out-of-door story. One that was told me by a friend of mine who is a great lover of nature and of all living things.

"The power of love, under this circumstance of my friend's life, was a great revelation to him, and caused him to give up the use of his rifle. He was a passionate

lover of hunting, and always in his midsummer vacation sought the forest, or some lake region where game was most abundant.

"One day when on one of these excursions he was in the region of Clear Creek Valley, not far from Black Hawk City, at a point in Colorado, seven thousand feet above the sea level. There came up a great thunder storm. He sought shelter beneath a mountain cedar and laid himself down on the ground. The blinding flashes of forked lightning hurling to the ground great trees in its fury; the fierce crashing peals of thunder; the altitude; the utter loneliness of the place, all tended to stir thought to its very deeps and suggested to the man's mind the thought 'is God a God of love or a God of hate? Does He indulge in this fierce play of power to please Himself and to terrify His creatures?' He was lost in doubt. A sense of grieving for the destruction all about him; of beauty destroyed, and thus destroyed, came upon Then the thought came to him, how

could man love life better than He who gave it?

"A sensitive by nature, he felt deeply and keenly, not alone the shock of the storm, the devastation around him, but the power, compared with which his own was as a feather's weight. His whole being was roused by the play of the forces around him, causing a conflict of the forces within. While the tragedy of the storm was in full play a sweet little drama commenced in the tree under which he lay. A small black squirrel began springing from bough to bough above his head, as though trusting its Creator so completely it could know no fear. The watcher noted the utter abandon of its playfulness, and it had a soothing effect upon him as he watched it in eager delight, noting the perfect grace and symmetry of the little creature and wondering if he was himself observed. He did not stir lest he startle it, but lay thinking deeply upon the relation of this little life to his own. 'It has life. I have life. Is there more than one source of life? If but one source, then only one life. If but one life

then there is but one law concerning that life. There is then but one love and all living things must be responsive to love."—all in the same proportion as I respond.

"Gradually his thought took positive form, and directly he put his thought into action, first in silence, and then softly saying aloud, 'Little squirrel, you dear little creature, I love you. Come down here, little black squirrel, come and see me. Come and play on my hand,' and quietly taking the meat of a nut from his pocket he held it out in his hand, repeating softly, 'Come down here, little black squirrel. Come, I love you. Come and eat out of my hand.' He kept perfectly still for a few seconds, holding the thought of love for the little life there expressed, when to his great delight and in answer to his thought the squirrel came springing timidly down, nearer and nearer, settling on a drooping branch, there resting for an instant, and then leaped right on to his hand.

"He was almost breathless with surprise, as he thought of the power that had won this wild, little creature from its forest home to feed from a human hand.

"Think you that my friend could ever again use a weapon against the life which this experience taught him was the same as his own and that of all living things?

"His thoughts were set quickly to work in a new direction. He kept very still, thrilled with the thought of the power of love. He watched every movement of the squirrel, and made no attempt to detain him lest he lose his power over him and so frighten him away.

"When the nut was eaten the squirrel sprang without fear to the branch and was lost sight of in the thick foliage of the tree.

"Almost immediately a little vireo appeared in the branches. It is said to be a very shy bird. The young man's experience had been so remarkable with the black squirrel that he thought he would make an attempt to woo the bird, but not with any expectation of such a favorable result as that obtained before.

"'Come,' he said, 'little love-life. Come, little vireo, and light on my finger.' He was growing bold in his love making, you see. 'Come, I love you, love you, beautiful creature. I will not harm a feather in

your lovely coat. Come down here. Do you see my gun resting against the tree? I love it, but I love you better, and I will not touch it if only you will come, sweet love, sweet bird, and tell me by your coming that you love and trust me.'

"Down came the little vireo and my friend's hand trembled with delight as the dainty thing bore him this revelation, this message of Truth, that 'all pure love is responsive,' and with it came the thought that anything less must bring its disastrous results.

"This subject, the power of love, has been an intensely interesting study to me since my friend's revelation. and I must say of much profit."

As the professor uttered these words the Rev. Mr. Sevor, who had joined them, but too late to hear the story of the black squirrel, hitched uneasily in his chair as much as to say, "well, you'll never see the day when the world will be ruled by love."

His fingers clutched his gold-headed cane that he was never seen without, carrying it as an acknowledged badge of honor. There was quite a story inscribed upon this cane that we have not time for here, as living characters are more interesting to the writer than any monumental tablets of past honors.

Mr. Sevor's appearance was not at all inspiring, whether in the pulpit or out, and one felt a shadowy chill in his presence, a presence that certainly did not attract to him either youth or age, and it was little wonder that his congregations were small and his influence in the parish no greater.

Why he was the guest of the "Duchess" and her husband was not easily guessed. Some one said the men were boys together, but certainly they were far apart now in appearance, character and theology. Mr. Sevor seemed entirely out of place in the gay surroundings of the Park. He had a supercilious suavity of manner that was most distasteful to all.

"How does my suggestion of the redeeming power of love agree with your thought, Mr. Sevor?" asked the professor. "You see I have had an attentive audience this morning, and I hope I have made it sufficiently

interesting to be invited some other fine day to lecture again, for my best lessons are such as I learn with the youth of both sexes. I live again in their pleasures, and would that they could have the advantage of my experience. It would save them from many a pitfall into which the unthinking unknowingly plunge.

"But I know well that youth seeks to explore, and that experience is its only teacher,

'And with ambitious feet, secure and proud, Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!'

What say you, Mr. Sevor?"

"I have not heard your argument in favor of love, but I must confess," was the cold reply of Mr. Sevor, "that I believe much in the use of the rod. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' has always been my rule in life. I believe the rod is quite as effective, I think much more so, and quicker in results."

"Yet I see, Mr. Sevor," gently replied the professor, "you have been captured by it more than once. Will you allow me to escort your captor to the house?" and turning to Mrs. Sevor he offered her his arm,

then turning again to his audience he said, "I have kept you a long time this morning in the contemplation of this wonderful power, that I must say my attention was first seriously called to through my friend's story. It is a subject, I believe, so few have earnestly considered, and concerning which fewer still have had revelations.

"I can never forget the shy little vireo, allured from its perch by the power of love."

The lunch bell having sounded, the company quietly sought the dining hall, but Julius Whiting was heard to say, "A devil of a time a fellow would have if he let love rule him."

CHAPTER IV.

While at lunch I heard Zella say, "Professor Scales, you have intensely interested me to-day and set me thinking in an entirely new direction, and I may not be able to work out my problems without further assistance."

"The professor has promised to give us another talk some bright morning, and I think it's just charming that he is willing," said Jessie, "and if it is anything like to-day's lecture we shall not forget this year at Lake Geneva. I have spent all of my summers here since I was a child, and have almost starved for some interesting subject to think about."

"I thank you," said Professor Scales, turning to the lovely speaker. "I feel happy to have had such a gracious audience as I had to-day, and while young men are less demonstrative, possibly not always as appreciative as young ladies, I noticed I had some attentive ears among them this

morning, and shall hope that the impressions made will be lasting."

"Oh, here's the steamer coming," shouted Fannie Davenport joyfully. "Let's all take a ride; the boys are all going to Geneva and we never feel the heat on the steamer."

"What says the Duchess?" asked the professor, turning to Jessie's mother. "Shall I escort her daughter and Miss Starbright?"

"The Duchess consents providing Mrs. Professor remains to keep her company, for she believes in them both."

Jessie's mother had met them at the door as they were leaving the dining hall, she on her way to her room for her afternoon siesta, wondering when these young people would ever have their fill of pleasure. She was so far inland from the shores of girlhood that she had forgotten that Jessie's life was but a newer expression of her own youth.

Well started on the trip, the two girls found themselves in the saloon of the steamer with Professor Scales. Zella asked him abruptly:

"Do you not think there are natures too deeply steeped in sin to respond to the influence of love? You impressed me that you thought it possible to redeem the worst of criminals. The thought to me is new. I can hardly grasp it. Yet something within me seems to bear witness that it is possible. How glorious life would be if we lived in a world where there was mutual love and trust."

"I cannot help believing," replied Professor Scales, "that God rules in love, though I must confess that evil seems sometimes to be paramount.

"Love is a magnet. What but love could Hold all the starry worlds in their places?

What, but this strongest magnetic power? If that be so, then love must be the ruling power in all the worlds.

"You ask if there are not natures so deeply steeped in sin that they cannot be redeemed; if we grant that nature is God's manifestation, which I find none to refute, it is an acknowledgment that the Divine Spark is within every human being; a spark of Omnipotence. A spark it must be then of undying fire; undying life. If undying, then it can with help be kindled into a flame that shall consume all but itself.

To be natural, then, is to be religious. I claim all nature to be God made manifest. It is divine wisdom and love in manifestation. It may be touched by that same substance in another."

"Ah! I see your point. Some one who knows his own God-nature may touch the same in another," said Zella.

Just then the steamer stopped at a private pier, where a half dozen college boys and as many sweet-faced young girls, full of shouts and laughter, came on, bringing with them such a spirit of hilarity that all opportunity for serious converse was at an end for a time.

At Geneva, where the young men took the train, there awaited a larger party that soon crowded the boat, among whom were many notables, all bound for the Lake.

Conspicuous among them was a group of eight or ten Australians. One of these was Mr. Leo Carper, the son of a wealthy merchant. He had come to this country as a representative of a large syndicate of Western land owners. Mr. Carper had been persuaded by his acquaintance, Frank Dayton, to visit Lake Geneva, where, he was told,

he would be introduced to many lovely girls.

No one could have wished for a prettier reception than this impromptu one proved to be. This young man and his countrymen were delighted with the honors shown them.

Mr. Carper was a dashing looking, impulsive young man, neither perfect in form nor face, yet possessed of a personal appearance that could not be passed unnoticed. I doubt if most business men would have considered him a suitable person with whom to intrust large interests. He impressed one rather as being the habitué of drawing-room circles. He had his valet with him, as did also another of the party, a man somewhat his senior and of an entirely different type, also a gentleman and a scholar, and to whom Mr. Carper deferred with much respect.

As Zella looked upon the party after the introductions were over, she unconsciously heaved a sigh, and said to herself "our lovely times are over." Jessie, on the contrary, whispered in Zella's ear, "more fun now, and broader friendships for us from

this boat-load. Who can tell which one of us girls Mr. Carper will make love to, and take away with him to Australia?"

"Hush! Jessie, that does not sound one bit like you, but rather like Fannie Davenport."

"I thank you, Zella, you are always saying things to keep me up to my level best. I wouldn't disappoint you for anything. I confess that as soon as the words came out of my mouth I knew you would not approve of them, and your approbation is more to me than you can think. But don't you know, Zella, that it is a great deal easier to be careless of our words than careful? And I have many times found out what mischief careless words will do."

"I have learned, Jessie, that beautiful message in Arnold's Light of Asia,

'Guard thy lips as they were palace doors, the king within,'

and I know its benefits if heeded."

"Where did you get that chain?" asked Jessie, turning suddenly, and lifting Zella's chain in her fingers. "It's a very peculiar thing, and I have many times meant to ask

you about it. It is so curiously wrought. It looks as though it must have cost a great price."

"I think it did, Jessie. It has a history which I may tell you some time."

"Were you born in Australia, Zella?" asked Jessie.

"Yes. But here we are at the Park, and it is time to dress for dinner. Some other time I will tell you more."

"But I can't wait, Zella. You have excited my curiosity, and I shall not be able to sleep well until you tell me more."

Just then Julius Whiting appeared unexpectedly at Jessie's side, and whispered, "Now, Jess, there are a lot of new beaux in this boat-load, and I want you to promise me that you will let me be your escort on all of our excursions, and also that you will not let your head be turned by any of these foreigners."

"Mr. Whiting," replied Jessie, reddening with annoyance, "you are presuming very much. 'Our excursions!' I fail to see why you say 'our excursions!' You speak as though you were expecting to be my escort on all occasions. I am, as you have heard

me declare before, determined to be free, and as determined to enjoy my freedom. This is not the time, nor have you any right, to address me in this manner. I am hot and tired and decidedly disagreeable. I shall fall in love when I get ready, and with whom I please. Not even the 'Duchess' can rule me there. I bid you good evening, Mr. Whiting. I would advise you to give your hand and heart to the one that wants them, and that's not I," said Jessie in a vexed manner.

Thus scorned, Julius Whiting turned away from Jessie's side, looking around upon those near by, fearing that some one might have heard Jessie's remarks, or noticed her manner toward him, for condemnation makes cowards of us all, in which condition fear rules to our disparagement.

Jessie, in the heat of annoyance, rushed to her room, threw herself on the bed, and burst into tears, tears of indignation. Then, suddenly springing up, she said aloud, "I wish Julius Whiting was at the bottom of the lake, he annoys me so." Going to the mirror she looked intently at her reflection and said, "I don't see what in

the world he finds in me to admire. I have altogether too much color. I am really too healthy looking to be idealistic. My nose is not classic. I am sure my figure is not tall enough for required elegance. I am far from being a Hebe, and unless he is a money hunter he could find nothing in me to attract him, according to my reckoning. There are plenty of sweet, lovely, yes, beautiful girls here at Geneva who would give anything for his attentions. I wonder if I couldn't set a trap for him?" and she laughed. Then becoming more serious added, "I will not have him following me like a shadow any longer."

How insensible most girls are to their own attractions, and how unconscious of the power they possess. If only they knew how pleasing every natural movement and heartfelt expression is they would hold themselves worthy of earnest winning, instead of throwing themselves away with the first opportunity, as many do.

Jessie donned a dainty white India mull gown, without the least ornamentation except lace, and as she came down the stairs I thought, "O, you bewitching creature, do you not know this simple array in white has thrown out in strong relief your beauty? Why, it makes the diamonds that are overloading those about you to pale in your presence. The bloom of maidenhood, the glory of rippling hair in its freedom, the broad brow, indicating power, the dimpled hands, the whiteness of the flesh, all are so ravishingly beautiful, while the possessoris so unconscious of them. Yet the while she may be possibly looking with envy upon her neighbor not half so fair as she."

O beautiful youth, how fortunate that it is thus; else vanity would rob thee of all thy charms. Naturalness is grace and loveliness, whether found in youth or age. There is no greater charm. It wins all hearts and rules where studied art fails.

The dining hall presented a new appearance to-night. Mine host, the landlord, had indeed exerted himself to make his hostelry attractive to the new comers. The decorations of flowers and evergreens formed a picturesque setting for the guests in their handsome evening dress grouped around the tables.

There was much staring and many sly

glances at the strangers during the dinner. Later on in the drawing room there had been general introductions and the usual pairing off into couples, as is natural under such circumstances. Jessie was seen leaning on the arm of Mr. Leo. Carper, the first-named Australian, and was certainly as beautiful and attractive as a girl could be. Many eyes, some growing green with jealousy, were fastened upon her, as she chatted in her free, artless manner, with this son of the merchant prince.

Julius Whiting skulked in sullenness on the outskirts of the company, and when the music began at the pavilion, drawing thither all the younger portion of the visitors, and he saw Jessie in the dance with the graceful stranger, he again rushed madly down to the lake, jumped into his boat and, with a swift plash of the oars, was borne out into the darkness, none knew whither. He was not seen again that night.

CHAPTER V.

I doubt if a summer season at any resort could have been gayer, or the visitors more desperately determined on pleasure, than at Lake Geneva in the summer of 1880. Of course, the new arrivals crowded the Park, and there was less quiet than before, and I must confess much more studying of toilets by all the girls.

There was no scheme or place for enjoyment that did not include Jessie and Mr. Carper, as first and foremost. The whole party of Australians observed with seeming pride that Mr. Carper was likely to bear away with him the heart if not the person of Jessie Dunkirk. Mr. Francis Drake, the second member in importance of that group of strangers, from the very first introduction, seemed more pleased with Miss Starbright than with any one else. Possibly he was attracted by her gravity, her serene and thoughtful appearance. He was himself rather reserved in manner, and while

he did not in the least repel one, he was not magnetic, and the young ladies kept somewhat aloof from him.

"I heard you say, Miss Starbright, that you were born in Australia, did I not?" asked Mr. Drake one evening as he sat beside Zella.

"Yes," she sweetly replied, "in Melbourne. But I came away from there at so early an age that only a few things were deeply imprinted upon my memory. I am so glad to know that you came from my birthplace, for I have never before been fortunate enough to meet any one from there, and I hope you will not tire of telling me of it."

"May I ask you," said Mr. Drake, "to tell me some of the impressions made upon your child-memory, and may I ask how you happened to come to America?"

"The last question I can only answer by saying I do not know. I came with my father and mother, and remember being on a sailing vessel. I never can forget how delighted I was with the sailors, and how they looked like little specks as they climbed the rope ladder up the masts, and how they

petted me and how they sometimes carried me up very high and brought me down in safety. I remember, too, seeing great whales spout water, and wondered why the people were afraid when they saw them coming toward us. But I do not remember much that happened directly after our arrival in this country."

Mr. Drake was deeply interested. "What do you recall of your childhood home in Australia?" he asked with gentle persistency. Can you describe it to me?"

"It seems to me now, if I had only known that I was not going back, things and events would have been stamped more clearly in my mind. I remember what an immense place it looked to me then. I can only think now of a castle, but children's impressions you know are usually exaggerations. I was only a little thing, and loved everybody and everybody loved me, it seems to me. They let me do just as I liked, and I was never in anybody's way," said Zella, with a little pathetic cadence in her voice.

"I remember there were a great many maids and men engaged in and about I was a happy, happy child, and I do not remember much else excepting how happy I was. Everything was so beautiful around me, and the rooms so large, and I was never alone. I remember, too, a dear old colored man. I remember him because he used to tote me everywhere on his shoulder, and he would take me on horseback or to row in the boat whenever I asked him. His name was Victor. I do not know what his position in the home was. I only know that I love him now, as I remember him.

"One dark day my father came in, and taking my mother on his knee, began talking earnestly to her. I heard him say, 'We have to go away and leave our beautiful home.' My mother was softly crying. He soothed and petted her, and described a new country where he would take her, and build there a new home. I suppose that new country was America, and yet I do not know, for a child remembers only a few out of many events in its young life.

"I remember, too, that while I was so happy on the vessel my mother was very sad, and very ill, and that my father was with her most of the time, so that I was free with my nurse to do as I liked, and the thing I tried hardest to do was to climb the masts. The sailors would put me up a few steps and help me to jump down. After a long time we left the vessel and were in a large house with many people. It must have been a hotel in some sea-coast city, possibly New York. One day they told me my mother was dead, and then my father was not one bit as he had been in Australia. Then, after a while, I was placed in a convent at school, and I never saw him again.

"The Sisters were very kind to me. They said I cried a great deal. I was so lonesome, and everything was so changed, with no mother and no father. Then one day when I had grown much larger, I do not remember just how long it was after I had entered the convent, they told me my father was dead. When or how he died I never knew.

"I was at the convent until I was eighteen. It had become a sweet home to me. I was happy and contented and supposed I should always remain there, but one day

the Mother Superior came to my room and said to me, 'Zella, we are to meet with a great loss.' The words struck a chill in my blood, for young as I was, when I lost my mother and then my father, it had left terror in my child-heart, and I felt that her words concerned my fate. What new suffering was to come upon me now and rob me of present joy? was the first thought that presented itself to me. I nearly fainted in her arms. 'Oh, Zella,' she said, 'it is more of a loss to us than to you. Let me tell you at once, that you have a rich uncle in Australia, who has written concerning you, and wishes to send for you. He is childless and will make you his heir.

"I don't know him; I never saw him, and I don't want to go,' I sobbed. This is my home. I cannot leave it. No one will care for me there as you do here, dear mother. I cannot go. He can make some one else his heir. I don't want his money. I want to stay here, where everybody is good to me.'

"'Let me read this letter to you,' said the Mother Superior, 'and you will feel better.' "I do not wish to listen to it, dear mother,' I cried. She quieted me, and encouraged me so much that I kept still while she read to me this letter. For some strange reason, I can hardly understand why, I have since worn it close to my heart. Will you let me read it to you?"

"I will listen with exceeding interest," replied Mr. Drake. Zella opened the letter and began reading:

"Melbourne, August 4th, 1879.
"To the Mother Superior,

"Notre Dame,
"Cincinnati, Ohio,

"U. S. A.:

"I have diligently searched for years to find some trace of my brother, who left Australia when his daughter, an only child, was five years old. I have made the discovery that shortly after he left Australia, his wife, to whom he was most tenderly bound, sickened and died, and that for some time after her death no one could trace his journeyings. Later, with broader search a record was found of his death and burial in Cincinnati, but no one knew of his child.

"Search was made in convents and it has been discovered that she was placed under your care in Notre Dame many years ago. I now seek to know from you if this be true.

"You may wonder, and ask why I had not sooner traced my brother. For years I was searching for riches in Eastern fields, hoping to return with millions and surprise my dear brother, whom I now realize was more to me than all the wealth of the Indies.

"I did return, but my brother was gone, his death caused, I now believe, and that of his wife, by the loss of property through signing for a friend and which I could have saved if only I had returned sooner.

"If this child, who must now be grown to womanhood, is with you I will send a faithful friend to bring her to me, if my health does not permit me to make the voyage myself. She is my sole heir, and I desire to see her in possession of her childhood home, which I have been able to redeem for her.

"In case I should not survive to see my plans successfully accomplished, I have taken every precaution needful to provide for my niece's support in the style in which she was born. I have insured for her my fortune, a fortune long sought for, and which, now that I have found, I have no health with which to enjoy it. I am a stranger in my native place and am a pronounced incurable. I long for the fulfillment of this my heart's desire and then shall gladly go in peace.

"Delay not the answer, O Mother Superior, but give peace to a dying man.

"Yours in the faith,

"Leonidas Starbright."

As Zella finished the letter she handed it to Mr. Drake saying, "Perhaps you would like to examine it?"

"Indeed, I should," he replied with an eagerness that betrayed more than Zella suspected.

"Have you any conception," asked Mr. Drake presently, as he closed the letter and folded it carefully, "that you are this man's niece?"

"Mr. Drake," she replied, "I am too confused when I think of it to answer this question. I have never been able to decide.

Months have passed since this letter arrived, and there has been no further message from Australia. But there is a strange throbbing of my heart, and the rushing of thoughts through my mind, of improbable things, as though some great change was portending. I strive in vain to still them all. My confusion seems increased to-day. I will go to my room, if you will excuse me, until I can steady myself. Why should this strange story so affect me? My life work is planned. I am happy and contented as I am, and desire no change.

"In quiet, I will learn if possible something of the cause of this agitation," said Miss Starbright, arising from her seat.

"May we not dine together, if it be your pleasure?" asked Mr. Drake. "I am stopping at the Park. Perhaps I may be able at our next meeting to help you. I must hasten myself to my apartments, for I have some business to attend to."

"Yes, I will meet you at dinner," replied Zella, and they parted.

Mr. Drake, knowing himself to be the one charged with this great mission, sought

how best to explain it all to her, and felt that it were better at another time.

Zella went with unusual speed to her apartment and threw herself into a deep chair, exclaiming, "What does this all mean? Zella Starbright, the orphan, the possible heir to a princely fortune! It is true—I know it is true. I know that every word of it is true. Surely the Mother Superior can vouch for my being placed under her care at about five years of age. But all the incidents of the past that I can recall are of little value as evidence.

"And suppose it were all true. Would my life be better or happier in a strange land, with all the temptations of wealth, than it would be if I successfully carried out the plan, so earnestly made, and the accomplishment of which I feel so assured? My purpose is a noble one. The strength will surely be given me to fulfill it. But why reason thus? I am reasoning as if I were indeed the lost heir."

Was it an echo, or what? Zella was startled with the sound of the words, "Lost heir." They were clear and distinct.

"Yes, I know I am the lost heir," said

Zella, aloud. "I know it, and none can rob me of this consciousness. But how to prove it, and were it wise to accept it?"

As Zella sat thus reasoning with herself, fading memories seemed to revive. felt herself gradually losing consciousness and going out from the body, as in a dream, yet not separated from it. She saw as in a vision, an immense estate, a palace home with its broad stone steps, ascending from terrace to terrace. She saw the statuary at each landing. She saw that the last one spread two ways, reaching a broad verandah, that as far as she could see encircled the palace, and yet other flights leading up to a second gallery, or colonnade. She saw there were many ways of entering the building. She saw many people round about, attendants and gardeners possibly, and herself as a child, playing with her nurse.

She could see guests with her father and mother. The grounds were filled with tropical plants in bloom, and she could sniff the odor. She could hear the coachman crack his whip and see the footman leap from his box to open the carriage door. She felt the free and innocent joy of childhood. She heard her own shouts of laughter and the clapping of her tiny hands, as in childish language she cried "papa, mamma." She heard the rustle of her mother's dress as she passed to the carriage, followed by her guests, and felt her father lift her up in her glee to catch his parting kiss.

"Dream on Zella," she said to herself, "it may be only a dream. Dream on to the end, for there is joy in dreaming sweet dreams." She was silent for a moment, when again she spoke aloud. "How shall I know, how shall I know? O father, mother, listen to your child, here in this lonely room far from Australia, far from my cradle-bed, and show me, if you can, how I may know. I was so young when I was left alone." Zella paused. Presently she resumed speaking as one in sleep. "I have been so kindly cared for in the convent. It is not strange that a child cannot grieve long. O blessed ones, and blessed memory, that recalls only the beautiful, come now to my aid and help me to prove what to me seems so true." And again all was silent.

Hours had passed since Zella entered her room, and yet she had not moved. She had fallen into a still deeper sleep. Again she spoke. "It's mamma speaking now, 'This is the gift of Leonidas. Let me examine it.'"

For a little time she was silent.

"Oh, how beautiful." Still another silence. "With this chain I thee wed." An hour passed, and still she slept. Suddenly she roused and came slowly to consciousness. "What a strange dream!" she said. "How far away I have been, and yet how vivid. It is now my present surroundings that seem strange to me. What does it all mean? What do we know of dreams? What are they? Who can fathom them? Do we not sometimes in dreams pick up the lost threads? Has the mirror of the past been shown to me, that I may know whence I came? Surely I was not at my mother's wedding. Yet it was her wedding, and how resplendantly beautiful it was. Compared with what I saw, how homely are the things about me. I have never seen such magnificence. 'Tis true I am young and have not seen much of the world, but enough of weddings to know that this one was indeed magnificent. The music, the flowers and the expectant throng; the bridal procession and the lights, and gorgeousness of almost imperial splendor. And in the hush and stillness these clear and solemn words, 'With this chain I thee wed, by its mystic meaning, thou shalt be led, whoe'er the future wearer be.'

"And I saw them examining the chain, when the dream first opened. I saw beneath a clasp, 'From thy brother Leonidas,' and between the long loops an odd little casement that covered a sparkling gem. A lovely woman and a courtly man leaning over her, were examining this costly gift with great and intense curiosity.

"The woman must have been my mother, and the man my father. But what signifies this to me? And why in a dream was I shown that which happened before my birth?" And again she repeated, "With this chain I thee wed.

"Unravel for me, O spirit mighty, this

tangled dream," and she dropped her head upon her hands and kept silence as if she really expected an answer. She had no thought of her surroundings. She was living in her dream.

Suddenly she recalled Jessie's words, "What an odd chain," and springing up under the influence of the thought, she took off the chain of which Jessie had spoken, and taking a magnifying glass from her table began with it a careful examination of the chain. Surely there could be no resemblance to the one in her dream. But, lo! she found a spring beneath the clasp, a spring almost invisible through the glass, that yielded to her pressure, and on the inside she read: "From thy brother Leonidas," and in the center she saw pictured the face of a man. Then she repeated aloud, "Whoe'er the future wearer be, by its mystic meaning shall be led."

"How marvelous!" she exclaimed. "Then it was not a dream. It was but the presentiment of a living reality, whilst I slept."

Zella lifted the chain, and in doing so, her eyes caught that which in her dream

had been shown as casements of precious jewels. This, too, was a reality, for in examining them, that which had seemed but an ordinary bead of metal was found each to open with the same curious slide, invisible to the naked eye, and revealed in succession, a diamond, a sapphire, an amethyst, a beryl, a sardonyx, an opal, an emerald, each of rarest value, glittering in succession the entire circlet of the chain.

That which Zella had considered of ordinary value, and only precious as being placed upon her neck on her eighteenth birthday by the Mother Superior (who had long held it in her keeping), with the words, "God bless you, child," now lay before her a thing of great value; in history the connecting link between the present and the past; between the living and the dead; and that other living one, the bestower of an unknown fortune. Better yet, the guardianship of the uncle who had declared his only object in life was to find the orphan child of his deceased brother.

Zella could bear no more. She burst into a flood of tears. What was opening before her she knew not. A rap upon her door aroused her, and Jessie's cheery voice called out, "Where are you, Zella? May I come in? I cannot eat my dinner without you. Everybody is inquiring after you, and Mr. Drake is positively nervous because you do not appear." Entering the room she said, "Why, Zella! what is the matter with you? What is the matter? Has any one hurt you?"

"Jessie," said Zella, with a forced smile,
"I have a favor to ask of you. Do not speak
of my tears to any one, and make my excuses for to-night. I wish to be alone. I
shall not go down again. I can be spared;
and, promise me, Jessie, that you will be
just as merry as though I were there, and
then I shall not be missed."

"Do you think that I shall be happy, Zella, leaving you in tears? I shall be more likely to be in tears myself."

"But for once I beg of you, Jessie, to leave me and ask no questions."

"But you must have some dinner, Zella, and I will bring it up myself."

"No, Jessie, I cannot eat. I have no appetite. Our breakfast was late. I have plenty of fruit and that is all I care for."

"Oh, but, Zella!"

"Now, Jessie, be good to me, and go and sometime you shall know what I cannot tell you to-night. Do not let any one come to my room."

"But I am wretched, Zella, to go in this way."

"Go," said Zella imperatively, "and do not make me wretched with trying to find out what I cannot tell you to-night."

"I'll go," said Jessie, "and try to be happy for your sake. Let me kiss the tears away."

"They have gone now," said Zella, "and they will not return."

"Good-night, again," said Jessie, taking Zella's face between her hands and kissing her impulsively.

"Good-night," said Zella, closing the door. "Good-night, happy child. I feel like one grown old in a single day. I must know more of this strange dream," and Zella threw herself again into the deep easy chair, while Jessie joined the company below—that merry company, now more attractive than ever since the arrival of the Australian agent.

The dancing had already commenced and each, bent on his own pleasure, sought the

partner most congenial to his taste or advantageous to his acquaintance, for society is a political chess-board.

Jessie, really the belle of the evening, was soon in the whirl of the dance with her companion of the evening before, the fascinating Mr. Carper. Mr. Drake was standing in a shadowy spot, with a restless, expectant look on his face, impatiently waiting for someone. Jessie felt it must be Zella he waited for. She glanced in his direction every time she came near. His countenance did not change. At last he disappeared and then she felt sure that it was Zella for whom he was waiting. She ventured to say to Mr. Carper, "Your friend has retired early."

"Yes, Mr. Drake has serious business on hand, for the accomplishment of which he came to America."

"I sincerely hope that his quest will be rewarded. May I ask the nature of his business?" said Jessie.

"I betray no secrets when I say he is in search of a young lady," said Mr. Carper eagerly watching Jessie's face to see what the effect of his words would be. "Wife hunting?" said Jessie dryly, with a little toss of her head. "Well, may he not be disappointed," she continued.

"I did not say 'wife hunting,' though it might prove so. If you are really interested I will tell you while we rest here, waiting for the next dance, something about this young lady for whom he is searching."

"Oh! I should like to know," said Jessie, eagerly, in spite of a feeling of indignation that Mr. Carper was presuming, in expecting her to dance with him all the evening.

"Well," he commenced, "my friend Mr.

Drake is in quest of an heiress."

"Like all the men," replied Jessie, curtly.

"The most of them are fortune hunters."

"But in this case," said Mr. Carper, "he is searching for one on whom to bestow a fortune."

"Ah!" replied Jessie, reddening because of her impulsive mistake, "that is more rare. I hope he will find her if he has so large a fortune to bestow, and hope, too, that she will be worthy of him and of it also."

"But the fortune of which I speak is not

his own. He is searching for the only child of people long since dead, and the fortune is the rich legacy of an uncle a many times millionaire, who some years ago returned from India. There is but one sure proof by which the claim to this fortune can be established. It all hinges upon a curious chain, the gift of the father to his bride on their wedding day. Shall we dance? The waltz has already commenced."

Suddenly Jessie thought of the chain around Zella's neck, about which she had questioned her that day. She wondered why Zella had absented herself for the evening. Why had she been in tears? Surely here was a mystery! Yet each thought was linked to the other so naturally that Jessie felt there must be some connection between them and only wished that it might prove that her dear friend Zella, who had planned to support herself with teaching, might be the fortunate lost heir.

Most young people at a certain period in their lives are sure that a fortune is the only desirable thing in life. Perhaps it is well that they do not see all that it usually costs, to sense and soul.

"I do not feel like dancing any more, Mr. Carper, and mamma likes to have me come early to her room. I will be excused now and say good-night," and Jessie bowed quickly and was gone before Mr. Carper could realize the fact. The evening had no more charm for him, and he sought his own apartments to think of Jessie and her bewitching beauty.

CHAPTER VI.

It was near midnight and Zella was standing at her window in the strong light of a full moon, dressed in her robe de nuit. So startlingly still she stood that she might have been awed into silence by an invisible presence. Possibly the presence of one of the many angels whom God hath given charge concerning her. In her loose flowing robes one almost fancied folded wings and heard vibrations in the silence that breathed of peace. If thou be alive, Zella, and this be thee, why dost thou not stir? Why this appalling silence?

An hour passed, and not a movement was made. No deep or lighter breath could be heard, even the stillness seemed shrieking Zella, Zella! but she stirred not. Her upturned face supported upon her open palms, was white as the light that shone upon it. At length there was a deep sigh, a long-drawn breath and then a quickening one. Zella shivered convulsively. She

turned her white face toward the empty room as though she was in a strange place. At last she called out, "Zella, Zella! Where art thou," and clasping her hands, her head dropped upon them and she uttered these words: "O Thou holy guardian of my life, thou Lord, my God, return me safely to my room. Thou hast led me in strange and devious ways out into the invisible, the unknown. Thou hast shown me mighty things and Thou hast kept me in safety while I have traveled far into the past. Steady Thou, now, my heart and mind that I may learn to know the great purpose of my life and Thy part therein."

She breathed a deep, quivering sigh of consciousness, as though she knew herself as the girl of yesterday, and yet as one of another time, and clime.

"I will sleep now," she said, "for the hand of the angel that guided me safely in the long journey of the dream (that I might gather up the threads of memory) will watch over me still, will watch over me in sleep."

Zella moved noiselessly to her couch and laying herself down pressed her cheek to the pillow and folded her hands beneath it.

"O Mother of the Christ," she said. neath thy white wings the earth sleeps in peace. O Father of the Christ, the world rests on Thy wings of wisdom and power, while tired nature drinks of the full fountain of sleep, and awakes with the iresh and sparkling dews of morning. O Mighty One, whose life is given to feed humanity! Thou pulse-beat of all living things, Thou very life, visible and invisible, that spares naught of its fullness, help us to know that Thou art All in All; that Thy wisdom fills all space and place; that Thou are Love; that eternal fire that consumeth all unlike Thee, but burneth not. Thou Eye of the World that seeth through all matter and all time. Thou Spirit, God, help me to know that 'in me is matter's last gradation lost.' Help me to rest in Thee, willing with Thee, that I may float and float upon the bosom of Thy soundless sea."

It was long after midnight and as Zella's last words died away the stillness within was made more profound by the silence without. The occasional faint chirp of a night bird was all that could be heard.

Zella herself had been lulled into a profound sleep by the influence of her prayer, and her heart beat in slow and silent rhythm with that Life of which she had spoken. The Life of the world.

CHAPTER VII.

With the first stir of the morning, Jessie was at Zella's door. She tapped lightly, but Zella was still in a deep sleep.

"I will not waken her," Jessie said to herself. "But then what except the sight of her will stop this strange flutter at my heart? Dear girl! She is never ill. Those tears—how they haunt me. I will let her sleep, but I will not be far away, sweetheart."

Gaiety had begun, and the hurry and scurry of the pleasure seekers and pleasure lovers made the Park merry. But all this, together with the steamer's whistle, the ringing voices, and the boatsman's oars, were unheard by Zella. Jessie kept a watch beside her door.

At ten o'clock Jessie became too impatient to endure the waiting longer, and as she softly turned the knob and stole into the room, Zella opened her eyes and said

sweetly, "I am not asleep; you may come in now.

"Jessie, I have been dreaming strange dreams. I am still the friend you knew yesterday, though years older in thought and feeling. Where is Mr. Drake? Have you seen him this morning?"

"Yes," replied Jessie. "He is sitting alone in the arbor, down by the water, and he looks awfully lonesome in this gay place."

"I want to see him. Will you go and ask him if he will give me an hour of his time in the parlor? I think he can help me unravel my dream. You may come, too; then you will know why I was in tears. I will dress immediately and meet you there."

"But you have not breakfasted," said Jessie.

"I do not feel like eating. There is something of so much more consequence that is consuming me."

"Well, you will have to eat something yourself or your thoughts will eat you up. I shall see to it that you go to the dining room for coffee first," said Jessie. "I'll go now, lest that serious Mr. Drake be en-

trapped into some of the sports of the girls," and she flew away with the speed of a loving heart, to serve her friend.

Mr. Drake was still sitting in the arbor engrossed in deep thought and unconscious of all around him.

"Pardon me," said Jessie, "if I intrude upon your privacy. I come to you with a request from Miss Starbright."

At the mention of Zella's name Mr. Drake hurriedly arose and advancing, said interrogatively:

"Miss Starbright,—and what can I do for her?"

"She desires to see you in the parlor. She wishes to ask you about dreams, and she has not yet had her breakfast."

"Nor have I," replied Mr. Drake. "We will breakfast together. I will wait here until she appears on the verandah, then I will come quickly."

Jessie flew away, radiant with success, while his last words, "I will come quickly," rang in her ears.

"Dreams?" said Mr. Drake. "I am afraid I shall disappoint her, for I neither know what they are nor what they mean, and for this very reason she may be able to instruct me. "O, happy dreams of childhood!" he mused, as he seated himself again. "How often in memory I live them over. So sweet, so sweet! Happy dreams of childhood! I know not to-day what they mean, but thoughts of them always bring me joy, joy that is sometimes tinged with a shade of sadness, because the daily life is so dreamless, so hard and real. But to most of mankind I think the subject is unexplainable.

"Ah! there she comes. There is Miss Starbright. How fair. A vision of beauty, yet she is really a plain looking girl. Why am I so interested in her? Is it the name alone, or is it the girl herself? Truly I know not."

But you will soon know, Francis Drake.

As Mr. Drake stepped upon the verandah, Miss Starbright came forward and frankly extending her hand gave him cordial greeting, saying, "It is my pleasure that we breakfast together this morning."

"It is certainly mine," responded Mr. Drake. "I had not known before why I waited."

After they were seated Mr. Drake said, "I am afraid I shall not be able to help you in the solution of dreams, as Miss Dunkirk suggested you desired me to do, Miss Starbright, for I confess my utter lack of understanding of them."

"But I think you can solve this one for me. I feel so sure of it that I boldly sent for you. But I am really hungry now, and with good reason when I remember that my dinner last evening was not eaten. Let us enjoy this delicious coffee, and afterward talk of dreams in some quiet spot where we shall be undisturbed."

There were other loiterers not far from this little group, also breakfasting late, and Zella felt that what she had to say was too sacred for other ears than Jessie's and Mr. Drake's.

As soon as they had satisfied their hunger they retired to one of the deserted parlors, where they waited for revelations not expected by any one of them. Here Zella began to tell her dream. It glowed in her mind like a living fire, and sent its radiations into the minds of her listeners, who were so in harmony with her in thought

that they, too, could see what she had described, and they listened with intensity to every word, the account of which has already been given. She also related how the dream had occurred during the night for the third time, with still unfolding memories and broader vision. She related that while standing looking out into the moonlit stillness of the night she had been suddenly transfixed, and as suddenly transported to the scenes of her babyhood. She had again heard her own gleesome shouts, and had felt the living presence of her father, of her mother and her nurse. She distinctly heard the horses' hoofs and the carriage wheels as they drove up the avenue, then away from the stately edifice, and she knew that in her dream she was living over that eventful time of her young life. She saw gay companies crowding the rooms, some in military uniforms, and heard the merrymaking of the people. She saw people on horseback, both men and women, and much coming and going.

Whenever she paused in her recital she observed that Jessie and Mr. Drake were drawing nearer, breathlessly listening to

the story of her dream, and now she had come to the vision of the wedding, which she detailed in all the minuteness of its third recurrence, and as she repeated the clear and ringing words, "What a marvel of beauty," Mr. Drake gave a start and asked:

"Have you any knowledge of a chain that might have been this very one? Upon such a chain hangs the identity and fortune of the daughter of Justin Starbright, for whom I am searching."

It was Zella's time to start. "Here is the connecting chain, I do believe," said Zella, as she drew from her pocket the chain she had worn every day since her eighteenth birthday, and with it a magnifying glass, by the means of which she had discovered its great secrets.

Mr. Drake leaned eagerly forward. He had been all attention before, but now a tide of feeling stirred him. The problem was solved.

"Mr. Drake," said Zella, opening the slide in the clasp, "read for yourself and tell me if you know that face."

Mr. Drake's hands shook visibly as he

read, "From thy Brother Leonidas." He looked at the pictured face intently for a moment and then said:

"I have the counterpart of that face here in my pocket and the proof of the genuineness of the whole transaction.

"Look, Miss Starbright," he said, breaking a seal and drawing from its encasement a locket. "This is the likeness of Leonidas Starbright, sent from India with this chain to his brother Justin, to be held for this very service; to prove, as he said, his own identity. How mysterious are the ways of the Spirit! Only the wisdom of God could have foreseen this need and provided for it.

"Look for yourself, Miss Starbright, and you, Miss Dunkirk, and tell me that I am not mistaken. Tell me that they are both pictures of the same face."

By a close and careful examination both the young ladies declared they were identical, and the more they looked at the tiny one in the clasp the more assured they were that there could be no possible mistake.

"So far, good," said Mr. Drake, his mind filling with doubt lest the truth might not yet be proven, and taking from his pocket a letter that had been given him for this purpose, he read in the handwriting of Leonidas Starbright the following:
"Friend Drake:

"If you are so fortunate as to find the grown child of my lost brother, remember this: You will find in all probability in her possession a peculiar chain. In appearance it is very ordinary, even worthless, and not at all noticeable, except for its fine engraving. It has peculiar long links and seemingly large beads with which they are held together. There is little to attract attention to it, but it might surprise one who was thoughtful enough that such fine work should be put upon oxidized silver. There are two reasons for its value. One is the power of love with which it was charged, in my hours of designing it, to send as a suitable gift to my beloved brother's charming bride upon their wedding day.

"Should you find this chain by any means, in any place or upon the neck of any girl, in no matter what condition of life, learn if the wearer is my brother's child.

"I will now describe to you the secrets of that chain, which was so curiously wrought by the most skillful artist in India. It is indeed a small fortune in itself.

"There is a secret spring in every bead that, by a certain pressure upon it, will slide back and disclose a gem of the finest quality. The gems are set in the order in which I here name them:

"A diamond, a sapphire, an amethyst, a beryl, a sardonyx, an opal and an emerald, that are repeated in this order of succession the entire circlet of the chain, and within the secret hiding place of the clasp is a miniature of my face, surrounded with the words, 'From thy brother Leonidas.'

"A pleasing and very gratifying fact to me was that my brother requested the Bishop, besides using the wedding ring when he performed the service, to complete it with the use of this curious chain, thus binding, he said, the three in one, and he finished with these words, 'With this chain I thee wed, by its mystic meaning thou shalt be led, whoe'er the future wearer be.'"

As Mr. Drake spoke these words Zella sprang to her feet. "The very words I heard three times in my dream and they

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were so clear. Why did I forget to speak of them to you."

"The better to solve the mystery of your dream," said Mr. Drake, for surely the mystery is solved. Let me congratulate you. You are the long lost child of Justin Starbright, I have no doubt, and as his child I claim you, in the name of Leonidas Starbright, as the heir to many millions."

Zella, quite overcome, said, "I do not know whether I ought to be congratulated or to be pitied. Many millions will be a care, I fear, that I am not equal to, and then who can think what it all involves?"

"That is true, Miss Starbright," said Mr. Drake, with seriousness. But Jessie broke in,

"Oh, my goodness, I should not stop to see what it involved. I only wish I were you, Zella. Think of it, many millions! Why, I think my head would be turned with one."

Mr. Drake could hardly refrain from saying, "It seems to me that your head is already turned, though you do not know that Leo Carper is the son of the richest man in Australia. It looks now as if you and Zella would not be separated long."

"What wouldn't I buy?" continued Jessie, enthusiastically. "What wouldn't I see? Where would I not go? What would I not do to help some girls I know?" and she grew more thoughtful, "especially for teachers," she added, looking toward Zella.

"Miss Starbright, how soon will you be ready to go with me to claim your inheritance?" asked Mr. Drake with much feeling.

"Go!" exclaimed Zella, "I cannot think of going yet."

"And why not?" asked Mr. Drake. "Your uncle will be very impatient to see you when he knows you are found."

"Well! for so many reasons. First, I must have time to think," and then she said, "there is one who is, or will be, as deeply interested as myself."

Mr. Drake gave a little start of surprise, and stooped to pick up his pencil. Was it to conceal his emotion that he turned so quickly?

Jessie's surprise was visible.

"Is it true, Zella, what I guessed about Richard Dent?"

"I do not know what you 'guessed,' Jes-

sie, but I will say what neither of us has given to the world as yet, but what may now be said, as there is no longer a reason for silence, that Richard Dent and I were only waiting to achieve any degree of fortune to be married."

Mr. Drake's surprise was now visible, for only this moment was he fully aware that he had become more deeply interested in Zella for herself than as simply the object of his search for the lost heir. Both Zella and Jessie were too much absorbed to notice the sudden change in his countenance and manner.

"It will take days, I am afraid, Mr. Drake, and perhaps months, for me to think out all that must be done. I am as bewildered now as one in a blinding storm. I am dazed. My mind must be steadied. I must regain my poise before I can decide upon anything."

"Why, Zella," said Jessie, "I don't see that you have anything to decide. There is nothing to do but just go and accept your millions. It has all been decided for you. Isn't it so, Mr. Drake?"

Mr. Drake replied with suppressed agitation:

"Of course, Miss Starbright's movements may be controlled by her own will, but the will of her uncle is too good for rejection."

"But I must have time, Jessie," said Zella, "to recover from this shock, this surprise and succession of dreams. I have much to leave in this country, penniless girl that I am, to go to—what? I know not. Mr. Drake knows better than I. Let me go now to the silence of my own room," and she left the parlor.

Jessie quickly excused herself, and Mr. Drake was relieved to find himself alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

The pavilion was really overcrowded this afternoon, to the great surprise of all, as Professor Scales was seen coming from the hotel with Zella leaning on his arm. Not only was the pavilion crowded, but groups of young people were sitting upon the grass all about; for it had been noised abroad that the professor would give another lecture this afternoon, and a good delegation from the several camps had already collected. Zella said, as she looked up and saw the crowd:

"Love is, indeed, a drawing power! I wonder how so many have found out the attraction? This proves that what pleasure seekers need most is the right kind of food for the mind. Many a one has died of ennui for the want of a sustaining thought.

"You must feel grateful, professor," she continued, turning and looking into his face, "that you can feed the hungry mind of youth upon something beside husks. This

must greatly increase your pleasure."

"There is nothing," replied the professor, "that fills me with such delight as the sparkling eyes of an appreciative audience, and I never grow weary of speaking to such."

They had arrived at the pavilion, and as Professor Scales stepped upon the platform, a joyous clapping of hands, in which Zella took part, greeted him. She found a seat on a step beside Jessie, who was sitting near by.

"I have been requested," said Professor Scales, "to give a second talk upon this same exhaustless subject, Love. I know of no more lofty theme. I agree with Drummond that Love is the greatest thing in the world. His declaration, however, was preceded by that of Him who knew Himself Master, the man of Nazareth. The Master made the announcement to the world that love was the law of life.

"I will tell you a story, one that touches all humanity, and may possibly set some one thinking in the right direction. With Emerson, I believe that every child has a divine right to be well born. A Chinese proverb tells us that the education of a child should begin with the mother twenty years before it is born. I myself believe it, since the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

"The more I learn to know this power, and to see the manifestation of it, the more clearly I see our Creator's design: That man being made in His own image and likeness should express joy, since joy is the especial outflowing of love, of which it is indeed the aroma and breath.

"The birds sing, the lambs skip, and all dumb things manifest that which man has bereft himself of, joy.

"When I look upon the darkness and despair; the poverty, distress, sickness and death, into which humanity is plunged, I feel that somehow, some way, the law the Master taught, 'the gospel' he called it, must have been violated, else wherefore all this distress? When He was asked, 'Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered, 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be

made manifest in him.' Did He not suggest that the law had been transgressed farther back than his parents? The violating of a law proves the existence of that law, quite as much as does the keeping thereof. If suffering and blindness may be entailed upon offspring, so may poverty, imbecility and deformity. But if the law be understood by our youth, and fulfilled, the incoming race will be not only beautiful in face, splendid in form, but masters, and every one in the world will be successful, and poverty be known no more. The Spirit shall dominate through the knowledge of this occult law, at present but little known and understood.

"And now the story: I was born in Barnstable county, Massachusetts, and was very familiar with the every-day life and language of the hard-working people there. The events that I shall describe to you were enacted in the early days of that State, and not far from the time of witchcraft. It was a time when public sentiment was easily roused by any departure from honesty. A young man of twenty or thereabout, had been found guilty of larceny,

and was condemned to fifty lashes on his bare back. He was to be bound to a stake at nightfall in the public square, and there to receive ten lashes from each of the five men who had sat in judgment upon him.

"It would require great nerve and energy to carry out the judgment, but the people of those early days were rigidly earnest in what they considered honesty, and this grievous sin must be punished and the sinner purged. Nor must the community longer 'spare the rod and spoil the child.'

"This young man was in appearance tall, willowy and well proportioned, with an intelligent and unusually fair face. His was an attractive personality, but at times he had a peculiar cat-like manner; and then it was noticed that he would not look one squarely in the face. He would often steal away from his fellows and absent himself for some time, and this peculiarity was well explained at the scene that I will now relate. He lived with his widowed mother, a trustworthy and most respected citizen.

"Mrs. Green and Donald, for these were their names, were always good friends, and Donald spent most of his unoccupied hours with his mother. Often it had been asked by the neighbors, and in the town, how came such a mother to have so irresponsible a son as Donald Green occasionally proved himself to be?

"The night of the punishment had come, and all the villagers, far and near, had, from oldest to youngest, assembled to see Donald receive his public chastisement. They came much as they would go to see a circus or a dog fight, that is, with as much curiosity, but with a far different feeling. It was a sad sight to all, for no one bore Donald malice. Indeed every one felt tenderly toward him, and to see him thus bound in the public square caused a great wave of sympathy that swept over the crowd and which touched him and melted him to tears. 'I could not help it,' he sobbed, as he hung limp and despairing on the cord that bound him.

"Mothers, who had thought to make this public condemnation and punishment of Donald's vice a great moral lesson, drew their boys closer to them, each one feeling, though sorry for Donald, a human pride that it was not her boy who was to receive the lashes.

"O motherhood! How subtle is thy reasoning. Thou hast yet to learn, aye, and fatherhood, too, that there is but one great family, and that which touches and soils one boy, or girl, touches in some degree the whole race of boys and girls.

"The awful moment of punishment had come, and the five men with their lashes, and with their hearts set upon the fulfillment of the judgment for the sin of larceny, were ready for their work, and the gathered multitude waited for the word. Suddenly there was a stir felt in the outskirts of the breathless crowd, and all eyes were turned in that direction. Rapidly wedging her way in a desperate and determined spirit, a woman was struggling to reach the center of the crowd. Some tried to keep her back, each anxious to maintain his own enviable position, but a glimpse of her eyes revealed that which made those around her fall apart and let her pass. was Mrs. Green, Donald's mother.

"She had a large, black shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders. The desperate look on her face thrilled the crowd. She reached the spot where Donald was bound.

and, impelled by the passion of desperation and a heart on fire with love for her child, she sprang between him and the men whom she knew so well, threw off her shawl, and, baring her shoulders, her long dark hair falling in sweeping masses over her bosom, she shrieked, 'Not a blow must you strike on his back. Your blows are for me. He is guiltless. My heart was pure. Before he knew aught but its beating, beneath which he grew, a sudden frenzy seized me. I could not tell why, nor from whence it came, it was so strange, so terrible. It was envy that others had greater possessions than I.

"I fought against this demon, but I could not master it. I feared for its influence upon my child. The more I feared, the more fierce it grew upon me. It would not go. But oh! He alone has not been the sufferer. I have been in fear all the days since he was born, lest sometime the same demon should possess him

"'Lash me if you will, but him will I defend with my last breath.' She sprang forward, and drawing a great knife from beneath her belt, cut the cord which bound

her son, and clasping him convulsively in her arms, shouted, 'You shall not harm him. He is God's child. He hath not sinned and the eternal God shields him forevermore.'

"It was a pathetic scene, indeed. The men were awed by the power that moved her, as the prostrated child leaned heavily upon her left arm, while her right hand was lifted in defiance.

"The men looked at each other in silence.

"At length the elder among them, so overcome with his emotions that he was scarcely able to utter a word, cried out, 'The court's adjourned, boys. We all know'd that's Donald's mother. We couldn't 'a touch her.'

"There was a strange power in the air that silenced every one, and under its influence they all moved away.

"This story, to my mind, proves the omnipotence of love and its all-governing power through the mother. This crisis of the mother's life came after twenty years of suffering.

"Shall I now tell you of its effect in just one home in that little town in Barnstable county? It had its influence in all the homes in the community whose inmates had witnessed this scene.

"The affair taught a lesson regarding pre-natal influences. It proved that the law of life had been transgressed, for which Donald had suffered, but his mother even more than he.

"In the home of Captain Bragg, the man who had said, 'Court's adjourned, boys,' they talked much of that strange and mysterious something, that great hush and power that had been felt by all; they could not understand it.

"'Waal now, Melindy Green's a mi'ty good woman, we all know'd,' said Captain Bragg. 'God-fearin' an' allus goin' t' church, a keepin' th' Sab'oth an' takin' o' th' Lord's Supper, an' I don't b'leev sh' ev'r stol' a thing 'n 'er life. Howsomev'r sh' hinted, mebbe sh' did. What d'y'u think, Mary Ann? Y'u 're a communicant on th' Lord's Supper. D' y'u b'leev Melindy Green ev'r stol' in 'er life?" he asked, looking toward a little woman who sat close by, meditatively knitting and rocking.

"She made no reply, but kept on rocking,

until Captain Bragg called again: 'What d' y'u think, Mary Ann? Y'u've hed an eddication, an' ar' more larn'd in som' ways th'n me. I tell y'u, Mary Ann, I nev'r could ha' struck a blow'n Donal'. My knees shook when I only tho't on't. I dunno' why I shook. I se'm'd t' be a tak'n a hol' on by a pow'r thet wouldn't a let goe on me an' jus' made me (who should n'ta) say "court's a'journ'd." I was most a skeer'd aft'r say'n o'n't, fur De'con Bruce was th' he'd man o' our idees 'bout th' punishment, an' how't should be minstrat'd. Why don't y'u speak, little one?' he said, again addressing his wife. 'I'm foolish som' ways I know'd, but when y'u sa' 'that's right,' I'm comforted.'

"The little woman looked up with a satisfied expression of countenance, and answered, 'You know, David, the Lord teaches that 'tis the desires of the heart that must be ruled, and that when the desires are ruled, the action will be right enough, and I make no doubt that Melinda tried to rule her desires. She said she fought them, and perhaps it was the fighting that left its mark on Donald before he was born. May be if she had been as sure about being

God's child then as she was to-night about Donald's being God's child, the demon in her, about which she spoke, would have been put out by her good thought.

"'It seems to me that's what the Scriptures mean by overcoming good with evil. I know myself that it's mighty hard to put a good thought where a bad one is determined to stay, and to keep the good one there when the evil one has once got in. I know, 'cause I've tried it. But I know it makes one feel very comfortable if one can stick to this overcoming.'

"'Waal now, mayn't that be th' cors' of a good meny peopl's strangenesses? Som' sech 'rong thinkin' afore th' child's bin born?' asked Captain Bragg.

"'What d' y'u think, Mary Ann? Y'u rememb'r John Lowe murd'r'd h's father, an' hed t' hang fer 't. 'Cordin' t' y'r b'leef he migh' n't a bin s'much t' blame. Y'u kno'd this commun'ty wus stag'r'd 'bout him. Y'u kno'd his fath'r hed allus bin sort o' strange. Couldn't 't ha' bin som' kind o' murd'rsom' th't possess'n o' him, afore th' child wus born. Who knows?'

"'People have a great many hard thoughts, David, that they don't mean to have get there, and don't know how to make them any better.'

"David Bragg was silent a while. He was leaning on the deal table that was as white as sand could make it, on which was an iron candlestick with an unlighted tallow dip, and beside it the silver snuffers, on a silver tray, almost the only heirloom of the family. The blaze from the great logs in the open fireplace before them flared and leaped, and threw its bright light on Captain Bragg's bronzed face and horny hands, while within his heart flamed the fire of honesty and sweetness. Presently he leaned forward across the table and said:

"'Y'u hav'n't eny hard things 'n y'ur h'art t' bear, hev y'u, Mary? I hev allus tri'd t' do purty right by y'u, hev'n't I, Mary? Leestwise y'u've allus seem'd satisfi'd with th' best I could du fer y'u. Y'u 're th' light o' my h'art, Mary Ann, an' allus 'll be. I allus pray ev'ry night an' mornin' thet our childr'n 'll grow up jes's good's y'u 'ar,

yes, jes's good. Mary, an' I could n't a ask nuthin' bett'r.'

"I always teach them, David, that if they are as good as their father they will never do anything that will disgrace me.'

"Captain Bragg leaned over and kissed the little woman, saying, 'Y'u knows purty well what love is; I knows purty well how 't rulls y'u, an' y'u rull me. I feel that som' how that's th' way God wants 't rull th' world, 'n spite o' all th' teachin' I've hed, that don't corespond.'

"'Well,' replied the wife, 'if as the Master said, God is love, and He's all powerful, how else could the world be ruled but in love? There are many thoughts about this, David, that I don't understand. I sometimes see a great black gulf when I think on love; then there seems to be a great light beyond this darkness, and so I can't help but believe that man, by holding on to evil thoughts, makes the darkness that hides the Lord from him. These are thoughts that make me keep very still; I don't like the darkness, and I don't like evil things to come into my life, so I try to put them out of my thoughts and say what

the Lord said, "God is love," and that's how I most of the time am filled with a happiness that I can't even tell you about, David.'

"'Now, Mary Ann, y'u've just sot me t' thinkin'. Why didn't y'u nev'r tell me this afore?"

"'Why, David, I have been thinking. I should not have told you now if you had not forced me into it. I have been thinking to-night, more deeply than ever, what an awful responsibility rests upon parents, and how, perhaps, they may be made to see that wrong thinking will blot the character of a child before it is born. I don't know, David, I don't yet understand. But I do feel there is a great truth here that ought to be known before any one thinks of becoming a parent; I feel that some way, though I don't know how, God comes in right there.'"

As the professor closed the story he found a deeply interested audience gathered closely about him, and in conclusion he said:

"I believe there is yet to be a revelation of the Truth of Divine Love that shall redeem and save the world, and in that good time the children shall not come into the world 'scarce half made up,' as so many do, robbed of their divine birthright to be as well born as was Jesus of Nazareth, because man shall know that suffering in the flesh comes alone from the lack of understanding that his nature is love, and that in love he is God-like."

The professor's hearers were loud in their demonstrations of approval and clamored eagerly for more. So that the lecturer might have talked indefinitely had not a dozen childish voices shouted imperatively, "Lunch! Lunch!" And the pavilion was speedily emptied.

CHAPTER IX.

It was now four weeks since the arrival of the Australians at Lake Geneva. Gayety had intensified and all the camps, Harvard, Collie, Elgin and Bon Ami, had caught the spirit, and there was a general good fellowship existing. It was a morning of unparalleled beauty; the air was surcharged with gladness, and the song birds loaned their power of sweetest harmony. But over all there was a stillness like that of a Sabbath day.

During the last few days Zella and Mr. Drake had been much of the time absent. This morning it was rumored that Richard Dent was expected. There was much clustering in groups of the curious. Every one waited with a sense that something unusual was about to happen, and when the steamer whistled and stopped at the Park at ten o'clock the grounds and pier were full. Only three gentlemen stepped from the boat. They were met by Zella and Mr.

Drake, and all walked directly toward the hotel, followed by porters with the travelers' luggage. A shout went up, "Richard Dent has come," and as his party quickly disappeared into the hotel, speculation and gossip relative to the two strangers accompanying him ran high, as is always the case so long as there is a mystery to be solved.

All day Richard Dent and his traveling companions were the center of the Australian group, which included of ladies only Zella, Jessie and the "Duchess."

Prof. Scales had declined an invitation to lecture to-day. He was not in the spirit for it, he said, as other thoughts possessed him. The day passed, and at dinner he announced that there was to be a double wedding at the pavilion that evening, to which all were invited. Richard Dent and Zella Starbright were the first of the happy couples.

In explanation of the suddenness of the announcement the professor added: "Miss Starbright has been sent for to go immediately to Australia, her native place, on account of the illness of an uncle, her only

living relative, and to whose vast estates she will be the heir,

"Mr. Leo Carper will be united to Miss Jessie Dunkirk, my fair right bower," he added, turning and placing his hand upon Jessie's head. Here Julius Whiting almost sprang from his seat, while the professor continued: "Leo Carper is the son of the wealthiest man in all Australia, a fact which Mr. Drake declares was not hitherto known either by Mr. Carper or his fiancee. Thus will be consummated the latest love stories, a most beautiful chapter in the lives of these young people, and it ends their summer's visit to Lake Geneva."

If there was ever commotion in a large company it was at the Park after this announcement to the guests. They readily understood why Professor Scales had not cared to lecture that day. Of course there was an endless amount of gossip in the few hours that intervened between the announcement and the ceremony. The bustle and getting ready for the wedding was like the commotion of a country fair.

Gossips wondered how Jessie Dunkirk could marry a man whom she had known

only a few weeks. They wondered how her mother could consent, and predicted all sorts of disappointments. Others said, "Ardent love soonest grows cold." There were not many beside Professor Scales, Richard and Zella who understood the occult law that draws like natures to each other out of the world-wide expanse of souls; natures that are as well known each to the other as are those who have been always together. Illuminated souls recognize only character, and understand that the deep principle, the underlying cause of union, is God.

Professor Scales was heard to say that "If the truth of this law were understood there would be fewer divorces, and no sins of pre-natal influences, sins that mark a child for life. But the gay world is so wise! It knows that sin and crime must be punished by man's laws of imprisonment and death. The gay world is not yet fully ready to hear the sweet teaching of the Master."

There was one group of that evening that we especially noticed. It numbered four. Susie Clay, Fannie Davenport, Frank Dayton and Julius Whiting. They talked incessantly; they surmised; they conjectured even up to the time of the ceremony. Julius Whiting's prophecy was tinctured, as one might well guess, with bitter sarcasm, for his heart was full of hatred born of the contempt that Jessie had felt for him. "Love at first sight! Indeed!" he cried. "Sometimes it becomes disgust after marriage, and then unbearable wretchedness. It is to be expected that Miss Dunkirk will be immensely happy with Mr. Carper's millions. She may yet have to learn that gold does not purchase contentment."

"One would think, Mr. Whiting," replied Susie Clay, assuming a very vivacious, naive expression, "that you were not a man of the world, and that you scorned money. For my part I would not marry a poor man, if his character was spotless. It is money that moves the world, and I would like for once to have enough of it to move the world."

"And pray, Miss Clay," replied Julius, trying to conceal his bitterness of feeling, "what would you do with fifty thousand a year? Be a fool with all the rest, and run after a bauble?"

"Indeed, Mr. Whiting, I think I have sense enough to use fifty thousand a year with good judgment. First of all, I would set half the world crazy, I would be so beautiful. To be beautiful, you know," she said, idly pulling to pieces a lovely rose, "one must be surrounded with luxury. I would make every one admire me, and that would not be a very difficult thing to do. I should always breakfast at ten, and have distinguished guests. I should drive in the afternoon, sometimes with white horses in silver harness, and sometimes with coal black ones, with gold harness. I should sometimes dress in fluffy white, sometimes in shimmering, sheeny satins, and then again in brilliant, rustling silks; and in the evening I would hold my drawing rooms, and be an unrivaled queen, while all the world looked on and adored."

Julius looked at her sparkling eyes, and brilliant color, at her swan-like neck, and her head with its heavy tresses, and thought for the first time since he had met her that Susie Clay was really beautiful even without money; and then was she not a descendant of the distinguished Henry Clay?

Ah, jilted youth, beware, beware! There is a point of danger, and that is when bitter resentment fills the heart at the disappointment of fancied love, for so-called love is ofttimes only a fancy.

"Say on, Miss Clay. What else would you do with money? I am anxious to hear more of your ambitions," said Julius.

"I would give dinners and dances, such as a princess would give. I would have from the Orient, laces as fine as a spider's web. I would have jewels that would outrival those of an Egyptian princess. I would have music and everything around me beautiful. I would play and sing until people would say, 'She has carried my heart away.'"

By this time Julius had allowed himself to be carried away with her imagery, and was therefore an easy victim to her charms.

"Let us start on a tour of discovery, Miss Clay. We will leave Mr. Dayton and Miss Davenport to continue in their wonderment over the strange turn of affairs until the wedding hour has arrived, while we penetrate the shadows of the woodland."

"Beware! Julius Whiting!" said Frank Dayton, as he looked after them. "Cupid's arrows are thick in the woodland shadows. There is danger that you may be his next victim. Miss Davenport, will you take a row with me at this bewitching sunset hour?"

Beware, we say to you, Frank Dayton. Cupid's arrows are as thick on sea as on land.

CHAPTER X.

Questionscame like a shower of meteors and a general stir prevailed as the hour for the double wedding drew near. "Who will perform the ceremony?" asked one. "It promises an odd affair," said another, for the professor had said that it would be at the pavilion, where so many love stories had been told, though we have recorded but few of them.

In a brief measure of time the neighboring florists, busy with awnings, flowers and other decorations, and the plans known only to the participants, were transforming everything into a veritable fairy land. The full moon poured the radiance of her silver light upon the Park, almost obscuring the artificial lights arranged in artistic designs, making the scene altogether one of softened beauty. As the last preparation was completed, guests appeared, coming from every direction. They filled the grounds completely. The wedding party

as it left the hotel was preceded by the two strangers who had accompanied Richard Dent. Both were robed in priestly gar-The question of who is to marry ments. them was answered. Zella came, leaning on the arm of Mr. Drake, and Jessie upon the arm of her father. They were followed by the "Duchess" and the Mother Superior, who had come as a surprise to Zella. After these came a group of children. Never was a scene more perfect in all its appointments. As the wedding party advanced to the pavilion, music from a band on board a steamer lying at the pier, waiting to bear the happy couples away, began playing the Lohengrin Wedding March.

The marriage ceremony was peculiar and held in it a unique service. After the rings had been placed upon the fingers of the brides, the Bishop's assistant handed him two chains, which he raised in his hand while he uttered a brief prayer of blessing. He then placed one in the hand of Richard Dent. It was the one by which Zella's claim as her uncle's heir had been proven, now so arranged as to display all the jewels. The other, sparkling with gems, he

placed in the hands of Leo Carper, and required them each to repeat after him, while encircling the neck of his bride, these words, "With this chain I thee wed; by its mystic meaning thou shalt be led; whoe'er the future wearer be."

After this beautiful service, congratulations followed. An elaborate wedding supper at nine in the dining hall was another surprise which had been brought about as if by magic. Meantime, aboard the steamer a brilliant concert was given that lasted until eleven o'clock, at which hour the boat bore the happy couples away on their wedding trip.

From Chicago to Washington, and then to New York, where the friends of Richard Dent, knowing of his marriage, had arranged to royally entertain them, was the route of the party. To Zella, with her convent breeding, everything was novel. There was something childlike in her enjoyment of the great city. After a week's enjoyment they took the steamer from the lastnamed city for Australia, where Leonidas Starbright awaited with the most intense agitation the coming of his niece.

He had been kept closely informed by Mr. Drake through cablegrams of every movement since the first finding of Zella, and with every message life seemed to grow stronger within him, that life whose experience volumes could not contain, and of which we can only give a hint in its closing chapters.

During the preparations that had been made for the reception of his brother's child, Leonidas Starbright's attendants had come hourly to his apartments to receive suggestions for the complete arrangements. The whole place had been astir with new life in anticipation and expectation of the coming of Leonidas Starbright's heir. Being so stirred with happy, life-giving thoughts, he had for the past few days spent hours lying upon a couch out on the verandah, that he might the better overlook the grounds and see that every preparation was completed.

Mr. Starbright had proved the renewing fountain of life to be happy thoughts. By the time the steamer arrived he was able to walk through all the rooms and the grounds and himself see if anything was

wanting to perfect this regal reception which he had planned.

The waters of the fountains flashed in the brilliant sunshine and sent their cooling vapors forth to welcome the bride. The birds spread their wings and sought the topmost boughs, therefrom to pour forth their streams of melody, for they, too, would give their all to the sweet home-coming of the orphan child. The many swans that glided over the lakes swayed their heads and arched their graceful necks in rhythmic measure of love and rejoicing. The peacocks spread their brilliant tails and strutted in pride, as if to say "We, too, greet the long lost one." The flowers of the garden swung their unseen censers, offering a fresher incense, and the palms and mosses and overhanging vines were tremulous with the luxuriant life of that favored clime.

On the morning of their arrival Mr. Starbright's heart beat with intensity as he walked up and down the verandah, impatiently waiting for the sound of the wheels. It came at last. Even at the far end of the avenue that led up to the palace home he

heard the mirth of ringing laughter that made his heart beat faster still. With uncovered head he walked down the three flights of stone steps, leaning upon the arm of his valet, and involuntarily took his stand near a favorite statue there to await the appearance of the first carriage. It came quickly in sight, and stopped before him. As the footman swung open the door, Mr. Drake sprang out and clasping Leonidas Starbright in his arms, cried:

"My kind friend, my mission is ended, my commission fulfilled. The next carriage brings to you the happy bride, your brother's long lost child, and her worthy husband, Richard Dent, as also Leo Carper and his bride."

The first to alight from the second carriage was Mr. Carper, whom Mr. Starbright greeted with marked warmth and tenderness. Mrs. Carper was next to alight and be presented; then Richard Dent. As Mr. Starbright met Richard he looked at him earnestly, as though measuring his height and breadth, and letting his eyes rest upon his clear countenance, he extended his

hand and said, "I welcome thee with joy, my son."

Zella came last, and as Mr. Starbright stepped forth to meet her he took her into his arms as though she had been his own long lost one. He embraced her, and with tears and smiles, lifting his face to heaven, said, "I thank Thee, O Infinite Love, that Thou hast crowned my life with joy," and looking at Zella's face closely he exclaimed, "I never expected to be so happy on this earth again." Then, putting her a little from him, and gazing long upon her with a devouring look of tenderness, he exclaimed, "How beautiful thou art, how like her thou art, how like thy mother, Zella," and together they moved toward the palace entrance.

Zella stopped at the landing of the first terrace and gazed about her. "How real was my dream. This is my home, my child-hood's home. I am here again, and you, dear Uncle Leonidas, will be my father, like him so tender and so true, and I will love you even as I loved him," and reaching out her hand to Richard she added, "and, uncle, let him share thy love, even as

he shares mine. Oh, how restful. I have come to dwell with thee, my own, in love and peace."

"God bless you, my children. I have now something to live for. My prayers these long weary, lonely years have at last been answered." Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Carper, he added, still addressing Zella, "With these two happy ones near to us, as they are to be, thine old yet new home will never be lonely."

"How can one help living a life of love and beauty here, where all is so harmonious?" asked Zella, looking up to Mr. Starbright, who had entirely forgotten in this new thrill of joy that he had been obliged to lean upon the arm of his valet in descending the steps.

"Let us enter now," he said. "I will lead the way." Zella turned for a moment to look at the gay equipages, as they were driven away, and wondered if she had been dreaming. Could it be possible that all she had known in her American life had been real? Would this present vision with all its grandeur and splendor vanish in another dissolving view? As the party reached the upper terrace a dozen assistants awaited their coming, and on the verandah many more. The most conspicuous of all, however, was the butler, an African of portly size, and inky visage, who, lifting his hands, said:

"Bless de Lord! She am jes' like my ole missus, bless de Lord! Mine eyes hab seen deir salvation." And moving toward Zella he asked, "don't you know me, little one? Don't you know Victor? How I use' to tote you when you only knee high to a woodchuck, and how the swans use to feed out of your little hands? Let me kiss dem, Miss Zella," and the great tears dropped from his eyes, as looking up he ejaculated in his fervor, "Bless de Lord, O my soul! dis way into de house."

Mr. Starbright led his niece up the broad staircase to the room, that had been fitted especially for her. Mr. Carper asked as one familiar with the premises:

"Shall we go to the east chamber?" and passed to the left, Jessie following him dazed by all this magnificence.

"A half hour hence meet us in the breakfast room, where coffee will be served," said Mr. Starbright, as he descended to the drawing room where everything proclaimed a welcome befitting his heiress.

When Richard and Zella were left alone, they looked at each other in bewildering amazement, and Richard, taking Zella's hands in his own, looked into her soulful face and said, "'Truth is stranger than fiction.' I sought you for your real worth. We had no knowledge of this mystic chain upon your neck, nor of its mystic leadings. Zella, what an angel of goodness is the spirit of truth! I loved you first and I shall love you always, for that spirit you dared express in the presence of ridicule. and frivolity. That spirit is the glittering jewel of a woman's life, and if all girls could know how it draws good and worthy men, they would cultivate it more."

This little love episode was interrupted by the striking of the deep-toned clock that stood upon the stair. It told them the half-hour had expired, and they made haste to find Mr. Carper and his beautiful bride. The four entered the drawing room together, where Mr. Starbright awaited them. He took Zella's pale cheeks between

his palms and said, "O my beloved, how like unto her thou art;" and imprinting a kiss upon her brow, he drew her arm within his own and led the way to the breakfast room. Upon the threshold he halted as if to let them realize the beauty of the decorations, but in reality overcome with his own emotions. When they were seated in their appointed places he said:

"You must be hungry, children, after this long waiting, so eat and drink your fill of good things this day," and lowering his voice added, "for none knoweth if he hath another."

Just then music was heard from without, and the familiar strains of the Lohengrin march reminded the bridal party of the Pavilion and Lake Geneva. The artificial swan forming the beautiful centerpiece and so artistically arranged that it seemed a living thing, brought memories also of "Elsa," as a happy bride.

"I sailed away from Australia," said Mr. Carper, "with no thought of such a shower of blessings, and so joyous a return."

"Our lines have fallen in pleasant places," said Richard Dent. "Life has

opened up to me in such strange fashion, and presents to-day such glittering realities, as in the quiet walks of the past I had never dreamed of. I have kept the law of good, and greater than my conception has been the reward. It has not always been easy for me to keep my mind fixed on the good, especially when surrounded by so much that was evil in appearance. am confident if one gives the widest latitude to common sense, and allows himself to be ruled by love, that he will come to be held and governed by that supreme power. We know that life cannot be full of such heaven-like meetings as this. But will not a memory of this make us strong to overcome hardships, and to put away the shadows of unbelief, and create for us a condition of contentment that is heaven indeed? I feel that this is so."

"Ah! my son Richard, were I to tell you the story of my life you could better understand how blest I am to-day. Perhaps sometime I may tell you all, but not now, for to-day we are only to keep a holiday."

While they are thus engaged and almost

sacredly happy let us leave them and go back to America.

Julius Whiting had become so infatuated with Susie Clay that an announcement of their engagement had been made, and their marriage fixed for early autumn. Some said that it was an act of pique on Julius' part, but others who knew Miss Clay well declared that she was a better match for him than Miss Dunkirk, and so "Dame Gossip" had new subjects for entertainment, and spared neither the sarcasm nor censure of her lively tongue. said that marriages made upon such a basis were sure to end in disruption; that soon enough one or the other would awaken to the consciousness that lack of principle had cost them a life of misery; others that Julius Whiting was such a perfect specimen of selfishness that Susie Clay would find herself a most wretched wife.

But what do all the say-so's amount to? In the world it remains the truth that all disregard of principle reveals itself in time in its fruit, wrong action.

Frank Dayton and Fannie Davenport

were left to themselves and were seemingly very good friends; nothing more. But one may always see by the straws which way the wind is blowing.

The height of the season had passed, and people growing dull for the want of something new, were returning to their homes, perhaps never to meet again. Thus we drop the curtain for a time upon scenes that have grown familiar to the reader.

CHAPTER XI.

It is ten years since the curtain fell upon the last chapter. Ten happy, happy years to Leonidas Starbright, years of love and blessing as in answer to his every prayer and effort in early life.

His children, as he now called them, Richard and Zella, had grown to be more and more necessary to him.

Two beautiful young children now filled his home and his life with new interests. The eldest a boy, and Leonidas by name, was an active, restless spirit, in whom Mr. Starbright saw his own child-face and recalled his own child-life. He lived again in his namesake. The child had no joy nor sorrow that he did not share with "Grandpa." Mr. Starbright was the child's counselor, friend and playmate. Young Leonidas would sit and reason with him as though grown old. They would in their talks voyage together into India and East-

ern ports, talks of which the child never tired.

The other child was a girl of six, and to please Mr. Starbright, had been named Zella. She was her mother in miniature, pale, serious, gentle; and withal, a nature that was constantly radiating joy.

Richard Dent had entered the profession of law, and during ten years of faithful service had become so influential in Melbourne that he was elected to the supreme bench, which was a source of no small amount of pride to Mr. Starbright.

Straightforwardness and square dealing always develop a character worthy of admiration.

The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Carper, who were near neighbors to the Starbrights, had run as smoothly as Zella's own. It is rare indeed that four lives ever move as evenly in this world of care for ten consecutive years as had these four. Money was not lacking, health had not failed them. Richard Dent and Leo Carper had labored with an earnest purpose and had become leading citizens. They had proved to the world that life is indeed a precious thing and well worth living to the fullest.

For it proved the principle that the reaping is as the sowing.

Mr. and Mrs. Carper had spent much of the last ten years in travel, for Leo Carper's business was with mercantile houses in other countries. They had returned many times to Lake Geneva, where Jessie's parents still summered, each time returning to Australia happy and content, realizing more and more the blessings that were theirs. They had frequently heard of Julius Whiting's devotion to his wife; that his worldly goods had increased; and that she had fifty thousand dollars a year at her disposal; that her life was one of great worldly influence and gaiety. They had also heard other rumors. They had heard that Julius had paid marked attentions to Mrs. Dayton, formerly Fannie Davenport. Such rumors as, if found true, would drive his wife to desperation, and these latter reports were far more widely circulated than the former. It was also said that Mrs. Whiting was not as joyous and happy as she at first had been. But that could be easily accounted for. The care of her four children, her great number of servants, together with the demands and anxieties of a fashionable life, were surely enough to drive all contentment and peace out of her heart.

It was not many months after Mr. and Mrs. Carper's last visit to Geneva that they received a letter from Julius Whiting's father saying that he was soon to visit Melbourne, bringing with him his daughter-in-law and her beautiful children.

A feeling of concern which she could not explain came upon Zella, and with all the largeness of her heart she determined to make them guests in her home, for somehow she felt that her early friend, Mrs. Whiting, needed a comforter.

Jessie and Zella had often talked of Julius Whiting's sudden change and of his desperate flirtations with Fanny Davenport after Jessie's marriage. The latter was devoutly thankful for the turn his affections had taken, for she had never cared for him. She had hoped that her rejection of him would cause no pain, and if gossip was true, she was thankful that she had never loved him and that Leo Carper had found her as he did.

No children had come to bless the Carpers' home. Therefore they had adopted two. "I have learned to be a good mother by your example, Zella, and as we are good friends so may our children be," Jessie had said.

Mrs. Carper would have gladly taken the expected guests into her own home, but Zella would not permit it.

Susie Whiting's condition was a great surprise to all her early friends. She was a perfect wreck as compared with her former self. Society and her fifty thousand a year, or something more disastrous yet, had changed her. She would have been a nervous, irritable and unbearable companion to one less poised than Zella Dent. This condition reflected itself daily in her children, whose care she gladly thrust upon their nurses. She had not been long at Melbourne before the cause, and her unhappy secret became known. Her husband, so long apparently happy and satisfied in his wife's companionship, had suddenly become attracted by another face, that of Susie's old-time friend, Fanny Dayton, and being led by the uncontrolled spirit of selfishness, he forgot all obligation to the one of whom he had been very proud, and madly followed, to his own destruction, this new-found fancy.

Susie Whiting had been very fond of her husband, and also somewhat proud of him. She shrank from what she saw to be inevitable, a legal separation. She had had absolute faith in his integrity, and when the crushing blow came, her trusting woman's heart bled in anguish. She was glad to take this offered Australian journey under the protection of her husband's father, who was devoted to her and her children.

Perhaps in all the world she could not have found another person who could have understood her condition and at the same time have acted as wisely as did Zella Dent. She entered into the sufferer's feeling so tenderly that she was able to draw from her all distress and bitterness, and to pour healing balm into the wounds. They talked freely of the evil power that had drawn Julius Whiting from his happy home. Zella encouraged Susie to drop him from her thoughts as much as possible. "Surely," she would say, "he cannot be happy now. If in truth he once gave his love to you it still remains a truth and can-

not be erased or effaced. However deeply it may be covered up, it will burn and burn forevermore."

Susie's children soon ceased to be a care to her. Under Zella's management they were mingling in freedom with her own children, enjoying their studies and their sports, and their mother saw little of them, save from the window of her spacious room that overlooked the play-ground.

"You must forget while here with us, all the sorrows of the past, and lose yourself in the joy of everything that surrounds you. Begin to live a new life that shall be profitable to both soul and body. Here you shall learn that the poison of grief, more poisonous than that of the upas tree, may find an antidote in that love which forgiveth much because it loved much.

"There are other woes greater than this, Susie," continued Zella one morning, "though this be a living torment. It will be such until the altar be builded anew to the Divine rather than the human, for only thus can we find that God-implanted nature through which we may rule with Him and share His glory."

"But, ah, Zella," replied Susie in her con-

vulsion of grief, "how can I still this aching heart? I gave him my love, and for ten years he prized the gift, and these children, our children, are the fruit of our love."

To-day Susie could not be comforted, and so Zella left her that the passion might die away of itself, for she knew it would be spent.

The visit of the Whitings from America was a great event in the Starbright mansion. Though Susie had come veiled and shrouded in the darkness of sorrow, yet they were rejoiced at her coming, and they made her their first consideration. She could not respond to their joyous greetings at first, but was surrounded by their love and in time they knew the washing of its waves would set her free.

Fanny Davenport, afterwards Fanny Dayton, had for ten years been a welcome and much loved visitor in the home of the Whitings, until this blow came, though she had not changed from the unprincipled coquette of Geneva days.

Mr. Francis Drake, of whom we have known so much, was Mr. Starbright's agent both in Australia and abroad, and indeed had sole charge of all his business. He had always been a member of the family, and it was not a year after Mrs. Whiting's freedom from her husband, before it was observed that Mr. Drake grew daily more needful to her comfort and happiness, and that she was more enspirited when he was present.

So long had she been in Australia, and so dark had been the clouds that fell upon her life in America, that she had grown into a seeming content, that perhaps was only a state of apathy. The great desire of her friends was to see her alive again to the interests of her children and surroundings.

She had no need of anxiety regarding finances, for Julius' father, who grieved so deeply over his son's errors, had provided abundantly for her and her children. Even had it been otherwise Zella, in her munificence would never have let her friend feel that she was anything but a blessing to her and her household. Zella could not help feeling infinite satisfaction in Mr. Drake's devoted care of, and attention to, her friend, remembering so well what he had been to her in the weeks of their first meeting.

CHAPTER XII.

Leonidas Starbright had seen twelve happy summers come and go since he had found Zella. Joy had so filled his heart all the while that it brought new strength to his limbs and peace into his daily life. He had for some time been possessed by the desire to revisit India, the scene of his great success. It was there he had accumulated the princely fortune that had enabled him to buy back his brother's estate, and to provide so bountifully for that same brother's child.

One morning at breakfast he asked, "How many of you would be willing to accompany me on a voyage to India and perhaps around the world?"

"Let's toss up pennies, Grandpa," said the spirited young Leonidas, "and see who goes. Heads win."

"The one remaining wish of my heart is to visit India; and I hope you will not find it difficult to arrange to go with us, Mr. Drake," said Mr. Starbright, when the excitement of the surprise was somewhat subsided. "I would not like to be far from home without you."

"I think I could so arrange as to accompany you, Mr. Starbright, and indeed nothing would delight me more than to visit scenes you have so often described to me, yet much as I desire I could not go unless Mrs. Whiting consent to my proposal." All eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Whiting.

Mr. Starbright, well assured that it was a concern of the heart to which Mr. Drake referred, enquired:

"What is your proposal, Mr. Drake?"

Mr. Drake looked toward Mrs. Whiting, who gave him an assuring smile, and said: "I have asked her to take me for better or for worse. 'The better' is my fortune, and 'the worse' is myself."

A general shouting and rejoicing went up.

"Ah," said Mr. Starbright, "if that is all my hopes hang upon I will say that we go, and start within a month, too. We will help you fix up that matter, Mr. Drake, that is, if any help is needed," he laughingly continued, "and you may secure our passage at once."

"I desire to follow a route familiar to me. I would like to stop for a month at Ceylon, from thence go to Calcutta, afterward to Hong Kong, and from there to California.

"It is not best that you purchase return tickets, as I have had a half suppressed desire to visit Cincinnati, the last resting place of my brother, and also Notre Dame."

"And Lake Geneva!" chimed in Jessie.

"And meet Professor Scales," added
Zella.

"How I wish we might listen once again to one of his charming lectures in the Pavilion. He must have grown in wisdom greatly in these past twelve years. I know he has by his letters," she added.

"Perhaps we might prevail upon him to make us a visit here," said Mr. Starbright, "would not that be nice?"

"Well, now Jessie, you and Zella talk a great deal about thought transference. Is it possible that I caught your thought before it was spoken?" asked Mr. Carper. "Before the Pavilion was mentioned I

thought if we were fortunate enough to meet Professor Scales we might be able to persuade him and his wife to visit us here, and give us the benefit of his greater wisdom, as well as the pleasure of their company."

"Oh, wouldn't that be nice, Mamma?" shouted Leonidas, Junior, seizing his mother around the neck and smothering her with kisses. I know I should love Professor Scales. He is so wise and good, and because you love him, Mamma. What fun we would have, and I'll ask him to tell me about the black squirrel and teach me how to make the birds come and light on my hand."

"That would not be a very hard thing to do," said Grandpa, "for you are a child of love."

"And that is because I have a grandpa of love, and a mamma of love," and looking up and seeing the other friends, he added, "and everybody I know are just lovely," and Leonidas, going over to Mr. Starbright, put his arm around his grandpa's neck.

"Yes," said Mr. Starbright, kissing him,

"I know what a power love is and you're the rogue that understands it, too;" then turning abruptly to the others he said, "there will be Mr. and Mrs. Drake and four children."

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Starbright. I wish it might be, and believe it may," replied Mr. Drake, as he leaned his arm across the back of Mrs. Whiting's chair.

Surely tenderness could not have been more clearly expressed than in the face of Francis Drake as he looked upon the one woman whom he now felt sure was the only one he had ever loved, though the beginning had been pity.

"Mr. and Mrs. Drake, and four children," again repeated Mr. Starbright, "and two nurses, that makes eight. Mr. and Mrs. Carper and two children and one nurse must go with us. Mr. and Mrs. Dent and their two children. Victor, of course I cannot go without him, as he is extremely useful to me, and we would better take along three other attendants. Counting myself, making in all the goodly number of—how many, Leonidas, Junior?"

"I have counted twenty-two, Grandpa,

and I don't see how Mr. Drake can look after so many people."

"Mrs. Drake," replied Mr. Starbright, "will have to prove herself a very unselfish woman."

"Grandpa," said little Zella, springing up from her resting place on her grandpa's shoulder, where she was always seen after mealtime, and clasping his face in her tiny hands, "Grandpa, aren't you a patron saint?"

"Why do you ask that, my sweet child, what do you know of patron saints?"

"Oh, Mamma has told me all about them, and how good they are, and you're so good, Grandpa, I know you must be one of them, and I want to be one of them, too, because I want to be good."

Little Zella's last words were almost lost in the confusion of tongues and excitement that followed at the prospect of such a journey

Any one who has planned a journey for an indefinite time, knows that there are endless preparations to be made.

The month following the suggestion of Mr. Starbright on that memorable morning, was spent in high hope and anticipation of unknown pleasures.

Mr. Starbright insisted that there is no education for children equal to that of coming face to face with sights and people, and he believed that they would learn more of that which is worth remembering in one year's travel, than in three years of school life. He also reasoned that the satisfaction one finds in his home after such a trip is compensation sufficient for all the expense and trouble. And by a visit to the scenes of the joys and sorrows of his earlier life his home circle would better appreciate the recitals he had given of it.

The day was fast approaching when the twenty-two travelers were to start together to see and hear and study, and enter into pleasures yet untasted.

It is quite time here to say that the matter of so much importance to Mr. Drake and Mrs. Whiting was easily agreed upon, and had been consummated by one of the quietest and prettiest of home weddings. The children and all the assistants on the estate partook of this beautiful celebration, and there was not a heart present that did

not throb with joy. Envy with her green eyes did not sit in gaudy attire, sending forth her poisoned arrows of thought to the happy couple, as at some showy affairs, neither did selfishness look from her high seat at the banquet. But the full tide of love and affection that surrounded these good people, was like the smiles of heaven dropping down into their hearts, and peace like a river zoned them round about.

The children of the three families had been growing up together in the unselfish, joy-laden atmosphere, and under all the refining influences of a cultured and well governed home. Mrs. Starbright's palatial residence was situated on the north side of the river Yarra-Yarra, and from its high location so far overlooked the city that the bustle and stir was all below them. Indeed there is little of the mad rush for material wealth and power, as has been known in Chicago, the home of the writer, since Chicago became through destruction by fire the great magnet and centre of our ever changing civilization. All the world helped to rebuild Chicago, and thus to direct thought to the place where they have since planted gold upon mud and quicksand, until the forceful vibrations of business life are destroying its brain life. Yet there are counter vibrations of spiritual thought, that are rapidly changing the life and conditions of her people. But in this far away home of Leonidas Starbright in Australia, there was a peace within and without that would heal the most distracted mind. Was it because of this peace that sickness was wholly unknown to them; living, as Zella said herself, close to the heart of mother nature and according to the law of love. They lived a truly natural and happy life, and considering their wealth, a very simple one, where discordant vibrations, born of selfishness that are the breeders of disease in the flesh, were unknown.

True, the reader of these pages may argue, that with sufficient of this world's wealth, there certainly should be nothing but content and happiness. But I would make answer, truly it seems as though it should be only thus, but of all my many friends who are blest with great abundance, I see not one whose burdens I would be willing to carry.

Zella could not refrain that day from pouring out upon paper to her instructor her hopes and joy, and begging him that he would not refuse her request to return home with them, and bring his wife, and be to her uncle a companion and friend for a season. It was the one ungratified wish of her heart that her uncle should know Professor Scales, and judge for himself why she so prized his correspondence and friendship. She closed with advice that letters would reach them at Ceylon, where they might remain for a couple of months.

Trunks for twenty-two, maids to pack them, and eight children excited with the thought of a year's travel, will give some hint of the bustle and excitement in Zella's home for the next month. The house was to be only partially closed. The well-trained retinue of assistants were fully worthy of the responsibility of the trust reposed in them.

It was interesting and amusing to follow the children in their arrangements with the men and maids at parting, and hear some of the pledges given by the children. Leonidas had his notebook and had systematically made out a list of all their names, marking down what he proposed to bring them.

These children lived in a world of their own, to them as perfect and complete as the world of those of older growth. They confidently expected that they would buy everything they saw, to bring home to these people whom they left behind them, for they had grown up with them, and had never been separated from them.

"How happy we shall make everybody," said little Zella, "sha'n't we, brother? You know mama says we can make people happy when we just think good things about them, and we can't think anything else all the while we're gone."

At last the day came for starting. Five carriage loads of living souls, each having a world of his own, new with experience, and filled with wonderful imagery of hope and anticipation; with endless adieus, they took up their line of travel to the steamer, and when the Yarra-Yarra was crossed the voices were lost in Melbourne's din.

The shadows began to settle over the city as the steamer plowed through the waters on her way to Colombo. The last rays of that day's sun illumined the city with beauty and tipped the steamer's flag with golden light as she sped on into the dark, on this first night of this voyage; and Mr. Starbright's heart beat with a deep and abiding joy, the reward of love-serving and love-giving, the eternal reward of pure love.

CHAPTER XIII.

Our party were full of interest on the following day to learn something of the motley gathering of passengers from many nations. The turbaned Turk, the swarthy Assyrian, the Cinghalise, the Egyptian, and the Chinese, each in his peculiar garb appeared like the brilliant fringe of an India shawl, as in contrast with the somber vestments of the English-speaking passengers, a few of whom play an interesting part in this joyous trip. Many times during this voyage, which was somewhat eventful because of storms, Zella lived over again, through her own little girl, her voyage with her father and mother in her first trip across the Atlantic. She had not changed perceptibly since we first saw her leaning against the knees of the "Duchess," and in spite of her quiet demeanor she was full of spirit and buoyancy. As she saw her little daughter enter into all the wild sports and frolics of a marine

life, she remembered well how she had fearlessly mounted on the rope ladder of the ship, full of glee and laughter, as high as she dared go, and then was caught in the strong arms of the sailors.

The voyage recalled more fully than she had any conception of the many half-forgotten incidents of that long ocean journey. One day her little daughter asked, "Is the whale that swallowed Jonah still alive? I wish I could see him if he wouldn't swallow us all up as he did Jonah," she added.

Her mother had noticed the child was timid about looking into the water, and that she always clung to someone's hand when near the railing. She felt that the secret cause of the child's fear was that they might all be disposed of after the fashion of Jonah; and she felt, too, that she might lift this fear from her child by giving her own interpretation and understanding of the story. So she said:

"I will give you a talk on the steamer's deck to-morrow morning about The Whale."

This was about the fifth day out. The next day at the appointed hour, Mrs. Dent was greatly surprised to find that all the passengers on board had been invited by the children to listen to the whale story.

Music was not wanting, nor many of the other luxuries of a steamer voyage. Zella found herself not only the center of the children but of a number of turbaned Orientals, who had been invited by the little people and whose appearance added picturesqueness to the grou

When Zella was seated beneath an elaborately decorated canopy, the work of the children, with a cushion at her feet, she began by reading to them the Bible story of Jonah and the whale.

Zella had a very beautiful voice, and by the time she had ceased reading she saw that she had the closest attention of all her mixed audience, and felt an impulse to do her best, that none should go away disappointed.

"I hope you may understand my own interpretation of the whale," she began; "for it gives me pleasure to feel your sympathy in my attempt to interest and instruct the children.

"We each have our own conception and

understanding of Bible steries. They, to me, have great significance as allegories, and I, in my turn, should be very glad to listen to what this story signifies to any one else.

"Now children, you have heard this wonderful story of Jonah's experience.

"Whether Jonah was a real man and ever lived or not, I do not know, but I do know that the world is full of Jonahs, or people who are governed and controlled some time or other in their lives by just such thoughts as we read that Jonah was filled with and was influenced by.

"God told Jonah to go and do something. Jonah heard the voice and knew that he ought to obey; but this voice had told him to do something that was not pleasant for him to do.

"He was told to go and tell the people of Nineveh that they were not living right, and he did not like to do that, so he arose up and went in an opposite direction, to flee from that Presence that only wanted to bless him.

"Jonah did not see or understand at that time that the message he was told to carry meant a blessing to him, as well as to the Ninevites, so through disobedience he turned away from God.

"Jonah was so blinded by selfishness, so near-sighted, we will say, that he did not see that to turn away from God was to turn away from every lasting blessing, and to turn to sorrow and suffering. He determined to please himself, not knowing what his disobedience would lead to, nor what distress it would cost him.

"Now when we try to please ourselves, it is because we love ourselves best, and to love ourselves first is to become selfish, and selfishness covers every known sin of the world.

"We are commanded to love good at all times, and that does not always mean pleasure; the reward of loving good for good's sake, is greater than pleasure. It is joy.

"Now Jonah knew he was disobeying God, for he had heard his command, and his disobedience troubled him so much that he was full of fear, and his own condition of mind influenced the minds of all about him.

"They did not know the cause of their nervous anxiety, but they, too, began to feel afraid of something, they did not know what. Their peace and happiness was disturbed, and this disturbance in their mind increased until they were so overpowered by fear that they thought they were to be destroyed.

"Fear always destroys people. It has no saving power in it, but it may be changed to love, and when it is changed to love it will save.

"The thought of all on board the ship turned to Jonah without their knowing why. They turned to him because he was the real cause of their trouble.

"We always know who are good and honest people, and Jonah was not honest with himself. Everyone feels a something he may not be able to explain, when in the presence of a dishonest person.

"The wise tell us that thoughts cannot be imprisoned in our own minds; that if we think earnestly our thoughts go forth to bless or to distress others. They tell us that thoughts are like waves of the sea and that their powerful beating against the

mind of another has as great and lasting an influence as the waves of the sea upon its shores, and that thoughts by their own quality bring a corresponding change in the mind of others."

"I believe that," said little Zella, who was playing with her doll.

A smile of surprise was upon the faces of most of the audience, at these words from so small a child.

"Why?" asked Leonidas, looking at his sister in wonderment.

"Because mamma says so," replied the child with great earnestness, still absorbed in her care of dollie.

At this point all eyes were upon little Zella, when one of the Orientals said:

"Truth is a chord of such perfect vibration that it finds response in every human being, and quickest of all in the innocent heart of a child."

There was a thoughtful pause before Mrs. Dent resumed her interpretation.

"The wise," she said, "call these thought waves vibrations." A smile was still playing upon her face at the thought of all that her little daughter's words meant of responsibility to her.

"You know, children, how we have listened many times to learn what the washing waves were saying."

"They never said the same thing to all of us," said Leonidas.

"That is true," replied the mother, "but that is because we have not all learned to listen alike. We have not all learned to be good listeners. Some one has told us that it is a great thing to be a good listener."

"I believe that," said Leonidas.

It was certainly very interesting to watch the effect of Mrs. Dent's words upon her audience.

"They tell us, these wise ones," she continued, "that our thoughts go forth from us, and though we cannot see them, they do go and do their work in the silence, and that their work sometimes does us great harm, and sometimes great good. They tell us that the kind of work they do depends upon the quality of thought sent out.

"They tell us, too, that we may direct our thoughts and send them where we like, even as we would direct any messenger."

"Then I shall send all my thoughts to you, Mamma," said little Zella. A ripple of amusement followed little Zella's remark, for it showed how closely the child was following the mother's teaching. Mrs. Dent continued:

"There is the beautiful white dove, you know, and there is the black crow. The white dove may represent to us the pure thoughts, the black crow harmful ones, just as is the nature of the two birds."

"I love the white dove," said Frank.

"So do I," shouted many voices.

"But what did they throw Jonah into the water for?" asked little Zella.

Leonidas looked down upon his sister with an expression that told that he already perceived the answer.

"I shall explain to you soon," replied the mother.

"But I want to know right off, quick," replied Zella, throwing up her arms with a gesture of impatience and looking eagerly into the face of her mother.

Leonidas put his arm caressingly around his sister to quiet her, for he was anxious to hear the rest of his mother's explanation of the story.

"Jonah," said Mrs. Dent, "stands to my

mind as a weak character. Ignorance always produces such characters.

"It is only through knowledge proven that a character becomes strong. To learn to listen to the voice within and know that when we follow it we are led aright, is to be wise and strong.

"You remember, children, the story of Joan d'Arc, and what great things she did because she listened to the voices that she heard in the silence. We can all do the same.

"Jonah did not follow what he knew was the voice of God in him, the following of which might have caused him to be mighty in the midst of the people of Nineveh, the people whom God told him to go to, with his message, but he turned and followed a selfish thought of pleasure that proved very disastrous to him in its outcome."

The children were at this point deeply interested and kept perfectly still. Little Zella was holding her doll as though it were asleep, and looking intently at her mother. Mrs. Dent noticed that she had the earnest attention of the elders of the group also. She continued:

"God has given us all, even the smallest child, a wonderful gift. It is the faculty of reason. We cannot use this gift in the wrong way without knowing it, and to use it correctly will give us great joy. To use it wrongly will draw fear and darkness into the mind.

"Jonah did not reason at all; if he had he would not have gone in the wrong way as he did.

"Reason is the voice of God in us. We are God's perfect idea, and must express that idea somewhere sometime. We wrap ourselves up in the delusion of a false belief, when we hope to find pleasure in disobedience to this voice within. We draw about us the darkness of ignorance. We become as did Jonah, wrapped in the darkness of delusion.

"Jonah recognized that all the people about him had been disturbed, and made afraid by his own fear, and this thought made him more and more afraid until he was swallowed up in his own delusion, the great whale of the sea.

"But within man is the spirit of God, and in time man's delusions will have to be given up, for the Christ child within reveals the solid ground of understanding, and through the power of the spirit of the Christ within we learn the law and purpose of our lives.

"Now, children, shall I tell you what this delusion is, that Jonah first swallowed, and then the delusion swallowed him for three days?

"That means three degrees of unfoldment into the understanding of who and what he was, and what he was sent into the world for. We are all sent of God, children, for a purpose, and we have sooner or later to find out what that purpose is, and to fulfil it.

"When anyone believes that he is flesh and bones, and does not see that his flesh and bones, his body, is an instrument, and a marvelously beautiful one, the harp of a thousand strings, that vibrates to every tone around him, until he learns how to use it aright by the God-power within him, and does not understand that the real I is the God in him, he is deluded. He swallows a lie, and that lie or false belief, in him, gives unrest, for only the Truth, God in him, can

give peace, and so he becomes afraid, and that makes the false in him grow larger, and larger, a monstrous thing, of false imaginings, that at last swallows him like a whale.

"The spirit of God in you, children, will not let you believe in falsities, after you have known about what part of you is God's child, and this you learn on the third day. The first day to me means all the years in which I thought this body was I. The second day, is that time when my soul began to ask, who am I, what am I, and where am I going? And the third day is the time when I see that all that I really am is spirit, and then you see, the delusion, the whale, has to give me up to the Truth, and I am on solid ground, through the use of my reason, that reason in me, which embraces the use of all my faculties. Now, children, what is it that moves your hands and your feet?"

"It is God," said little Zella, "but you can't see him."

"From this point," said Mrs. Dent, "we can not see the engine nor the steam that runs this boat, but we know that it would

not go if there was no power to move it. And it is just so with this body, it would not move if God was not in it, and we must always take good care of the body, and never abuse it in any way, never overwork it, or ever over feed it, so that God can use it with us, and we use it with Him."

There was one turbaned East Indian who had manifested the greatest interest in Zella's story.

"May we hear your version, Swami?" asked Mrs. Dent, turning to him. "I am sure you would help us all to see more clearly this great truth."

"Later," replied the master, well pleased with what he had listened to.

"Shall you be afraid of the whales now, Zella, child?" asked Mrs. Dent.

"I shall try and not let that great big thing you call delusion, swallow me up, because I don't believe the body is me. 'Me' claps my hands and runs my feet," said little Zella, putting the thought into action. Here all the little ones ran away with her. Presently Leonidas came back, and putting his arm around his mother, kissed her and said: "I don't quite understand about Jonah. Will you explain to me at another time?"

"Go ask the Swami to explain to you now, he has gone over to the other side of the boat."

Leonidas was seen an hour later sitting with the Swami, entirely absorbed in what was being told him. The other children on the boat had gathered about the master also, and he was now relating to them stories of his own country and of the children there.

Some new and desirable acquaintances were formed among the passengers on the boat.

One day while the Starbright party were listening to the teacher with a yellow turban, he turned abruptly to Mr. Starbright, and asked:

"Wast thou ever in India? I have a friend who has reason to remember one by the name of Leonidas Starbright."

"And wilt thou tell me his name, Swami? I have been in India, and Leonidas is my name."

"Ha! then it must be that thou art he, for thou hast the visage of benevolence, and

the touch of thy hand betokens a warm heart. Dost thou remember one summer eve, when the days were fiercely hot, halting beneath a palm tree, and there finding a weary traveler, heart-sick and discouraged? Was it thou who didst offer him the milk of a cocoanut and who cheered him with words of love, and as he gained strength, didst place him on thine own beast and didst walk thyself by his side, until an inn was reached, where thou didst provide for him for days, and then didst give him a purse well filled that he might reach his home in safety? Say, art thou he? for that sufferer was my brother, and I have searched for his deliverer until now."

Mr. Starbright was so touched by the tender recital of the story that tears sprang to his eyes. Rising and extending his hand he said: "Thou sayest truly. This was one of the incidents in my life while in thy country, but it was one of many, for God greatly blessed me."

"Let me embrace thee, brother," said the Swami, and he fell upon Mr. Starbright's neck and kissed him. "I have often wondered what became of that sufferer. Does he live?" asked Mr. Starbright.

"Aye! he lives, blessed be God, and his holy angels. He lives, and has a princely fortune, all made upon the contents of that silken purse which thou didst give him. After God, he owes it all to thee, and if thou wilt find him, thou wilt be entertained as befits a king. He is a scion of the royal ancient house of Tamerlane, but better yet, he is a royal soul."

"This is the first story," said Richard Dent, "we have heard of our father's life in India, as told by another. What has been thy mission in Melbourne, Swami? The ingathering of souls?" asked Mr. Dent.

"Rather the fulfillment of the great desire of all who believe in the One Spirit, namely, the establishment of a brotherhood that shall embrace all mankind. If there is but one Father, there can be but one family, and if that Father's heart be love, then the family should be bound in love," answered the Swami.

"But supposing I take exception to such doctrine," said Mr. Carper, who had been

sitting close by listening attentively. "In the world at large there is precious little brotherly kindness manifested. The brother is beaten and left to starve, or the overburdened wife, in hopeless helplessness, sinks beneath her burden. The leper is driven into the deep forests and fed on rotting fish, whilst his joints are consumed by the foul disease. Surely God does not rule in this world, to all appearance. sayest thou, Swami? Has thy faith sufficient hope in it to cause thee to believe that God will sometime so rule in the hearts of his children, as to make the life of a fellow-being as precious to a man as his own?"

"Thou hast explained our faith better than thou knowest," replied the Swami. "Thou dost look for God to rule in the external. We look for Him to rule in the hearts of His children. The heart is the seat of power, for it is the great center of feeling, and when that center is controlled by pure love, great joy comes into the life. Love is a crown of glory that the jeweled crown of a king but symbolizes."

"But suppose I am only arguing for the

sake of drawing out thy highest thought? It is well, I think, to look on all sides."

"There is but one side that it pays to look upon," replied the Swami, "and that is God's, and God is Love. Then only love is worthy of our consideration. Thy acknowledged teacher of the Truth, the Man of Nazareth, taught the power of a certain kind of thought. I have learned to understand His lesson. When He withered the fig tree it was that He might show to His disciples the quality of a wrong thought—the quality of a curse. would have us consider that quality of thought which would cause the fig tree or plant to increase in size and beauty and strength, which thought is opposite to the curse.

"I am acquainted with one, who has for a long time believed that plant-life is as responsive to thought as animal life. She has a garden, now a beautiful one, commenced almost by the accident of her becoming interested in and loving a weed. She was an uneducated woman, and in her simple fashion talked to the weed about its life, and how it flourished; each day she praised that life as though she were speak-

ing to one who could respond to her word, nor dreamed for a time that it could be so," said the Swami. "I know that some may laugh and say weeds grow fast enough at any time. True, but of this simple weed she learned in time a great truth. It came into her mind suddenly one day that plants like to be talked to as well as human beings. 'Loved to be praised,' she said, and believing she had made a great discovery, for 'the spirit within, always beareth witness to the truth,' she took some of her scant earnings and purchased as many plants as she could. She placed them in her garden in a large circle about the weed, and naming each one called them her family, and the weed from which she had learned so great a lesson, she named the Priest, and greeted and treated them all as she did her family, calling each tenderly by name. Remember that she was of simple heart and ways, and that it is the simplehearted through whom God may reveal His great Truth to His children.

"She declared that the flowers nodded assent to all her sweet words, and that they would sometimes toss their heads as though they were listening. It was amaz-

ing to see how, week by week, those flowers stalked into magnificence, and bloomed in all the exuberance of the praise-words that she had showered upon them.

"This is no myth, for the woman of whom I speak was my pupil and lived near my own abode. I could not help but watch with deepest interest the great reward for her adventurous faith. I confess that the expanding proportions of her flowers were marvelous even to me. The stalks were The leaves three luxuriant and large. times the ordinary size. They crowded together for want of room, though they had been set far apart. I watched them myself with delight, and noticed that no destroying insect came near them. It is now five years since this woman began to nurse the weed with her word of praise, and that while its type has not changed, its appearance has to such a degree, that it is a stranger to its kind, and the garden of five years that contains only a hundred square feet, is named by some of her neighbors, as 'The Garden of Eden,' and produces support for herself, five children, and four grandchildren."

"Swami, is that not a story of the Orient?" asked Mr. Carper; "to talk to deaf ears, or to things that have none, and expect them to respond, requires the blind faith of a child,—a good story for the children, a fairy story."

"Are we not all children, brother?" gently questioned the Swami. "Thy Master taught that we must be like little children if we would grow to be wise. It is a story of the Orient, and a true one, in which I find great wisdom. I had not deeply studied thy great Teacher's parable of the fig tree, until now, though the teachings of our Master, Buddha, contain the same. Both have taught 'that which ye sow ye reap.' If corn then corn, if love, then love; that also God is all-hearing and everywhere center. Is not this our mistake, brother, that we have looked for Him outside of His creations? His command is 'give Me thy praise.' What is the life of the plant? Is it not God's? If He be allhearing, may He not have rewarded the poor woman by giving to her plant a newer thrill of life and beauty? Would not that be an answer and proof to her that He did hear her praise?"

Mrs. Drake who until then had been silent, though intensely interested, said:

"Thy teaching is strangely new, Swami, and recalls my own mother's words and tender touch toward all living things. Her plants were always thrifty, the fairest and the finest. We knew not why. I understand your words, and because of her experience I believe them true. I am grateful to you, Master."

"She hath said well. I am Master, and the Christ in me, as in all, whenever we shall find Him in ourselves, shall rule, command, and be obeyed."

But here we are nearing Colombo. Here the Swami's teachings were given up, when, if ever, to be resumed, it was not known.

Mr. Starbright had in his mind a place for him in their party, if only he could be persuaded to travel with them.

This was soon settled, for the Swami was journeying leisurely, and he was joyously eager to show the Starbrights the way to his brother's bungalow.

There was no more quiet on the steamer now. They had arrived at anchorage, a point two miles out from Colombo. No sooner had the boat stopped than it was crowded with all sorts of peddlers, money-changers and hotel runners. The direct confusion prevailed.

All who have ever landed at Colombo remember like scenes. Our party were glad to make their escape into one of the many waiting tenders; steam launch, boat, or the long slender catamaran; the latter manned by a dusky form. This little out-rigged canoe, or tree-trunk dugout, impelled by oar or sail, bounds over the water at a good speed.

A new world was opening up to all of the travelers of our party, except the Swami and Mr. Starbright. These two were familiar with the city and its people.

It was of great advantage to all to have this Eastern traveler with them, for he had a quick eye, and those two good friends of all mankind, a willing heart and ready hand with which to serve his fellow men. The children had grown very familiar with him, where at first they had been somewhat timid because of his strange dress; they now surrounded him and plied him with questions concerning things that were new to them.

Mr. Starbright laughingly counted the heads of their party, all the way on their journey, though everything was so systemized and the assistants so well trained that no one need burden himself with care. Even while landing at Colombo there was no unseemly haste, no confusion, but rather a military order in all their movements.

The magnificence of the tropical verdure of Ceylon can hardly be described. The variety of trees, gay with singing birds, the marvelous flora with tints as brilliant as the morning, can nowhere be excelled, not even in California. The delightful climate is a balm to the weary one, and the abundant fruits provide, if we choose, food without cooking. Verily might the ancients, as indeed they did, have considered Ceylon The Garden of Eden.

The island is two hundred and seventy miles in length and one hundred and thirty-seven broad, with a population of two million five hundred thousand, and has a history dating 543 B. C. Its population does not far exceed that of Chicago, or the state

of California. Taken all in all, Ceylon is nearly an ideal paradise, where Buddha's tree, planted two hundred and eighty-eight years B. C., is still flourishing.

Little wonder that the heart of the turbaned traveler beats with delight as he sniffs the air, laden with ravishing sweetness; for the honeysuckle and every creeping vine gives abundantly of its fragrance, in its manifest luxuriance.

A peculiar style of vehicle, carts of many kinds, gilded and sometimes covered with fine silk set on two wheels, drawn by bullocks that are noted for their speed, are notable among their magnificent coaches. Leonidas Jr., was particularly interested in the fine Australian horses. They elicited continual shouts from the children, and the oddities of living made the travelers feel that they could take up their abode here for many moons. One of the many things that pleased the children was the fragrant night lamp composed of two little sticks tied with a bit of wick at the center, the ends tipped with cork that it might float in the oil and so burn through the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

As Zella looked out from the bungalow, one that had been chosen for the party by the great teacher, upon the cocoanut palm groves; the resplendent colors of the creeping vines above which the scarlet Hibiscus towered, in velvet luxuriance; upon the insect life in the gay coloring of its own tropical clime, she felt that Melbourne's beauty was here surpassed.

The birds, in their brilliant plumage, perched upon the trees, looked like ripe fruit ready to fall, and the beautiful butter-flies upon wings of content, were lost to sight in the matchless color of their own skies.

Zella was not alone in her admiration. Mrs. Drake, whose new life was a revelation of beauty to her, and so strongly in contrast to that of her first marriage, was in fullest sympathy with both Zella and Jessie, whose joyous hearts had ever beat in faithful unison with her own.

None could at this time conceive of any more desirable place to tarry, and so for the present all thought of farther journeying was given up except by Mr. Starbright.

The scenes were not strange to him, but the companionship and teachings of this new acquaintance he had never known before.

He sometimes questioned himself, was it because of more leisure, or was it that his mind was just opening to some of the great truths, which, though always present with him, had yet been hidden from his sight? He now began to see that the ripest fruit and the sweetest blessings were being realized by him as life seemed to be ebbing away. Yet thoughts of his blessings so quickened his blood and moved his limbs to renewed action, that he spoke aloud, "I am young with the youngest of you, and feel that there should be in me no decay. What sayest thou, Swami?" he asked as the Master appeared on the broad veranda and threw himself upon a comfortable hammock.

"Concerning what, brother? what is the chief thought, that apparently stirs thee

with new life, for thou art really younger than when thou didst first set foot in Colombo. It is not altogether the climate, however much thou mayest consider it better than thine own. The deeps of man's nature are only stirred by thought. Tell me, what has been thy thought?"

"I was meditating, as thou didst appear, upon life—its flow and ebb. Behold the fullness of its expression and its freshness in these children. One cannot keep a child still. From dawn till night comes down, it is ceaselessly active, whilst in children of older growth the ebb begins whilst at the very zenith, and loss is made manifest at every step.

"If there is a continuing life, why should not this one be in its panoramic passage more glorious in its fullness as the last chapter closes? Why should a man totter to his grave?"

"Our great teachers," replied the Swami, "have given us the secret of continuing life here upon this planet. Look at me. Thou canst not tell my age, I warrant, as man measures time. Thine own great Master, He of Judea, taught that a thousand years

were as a day with the Lord. Canst thou tell me the number of my days?"

"Well—I should say, close to fifty," replied Mr. Starbright.

"I will not make it known to thee," replied the Swami. "Thy hair is white, but my days on this planet have more than twice outnumbered thine. I tell thee, brother, when thou wilt learn the great secret of life as I have learned it, thou wilt know that life flows continually, and with ever increasing power for all who seek it. Thinkest thou that the Creator glorifies Himself in death? He is Life, and in life there is no death."

Just here the veranda became crowded with the other members of the party, and as Mr. Carper heard the words, "There is no death," he stood still in surprise, waiting for an explanation of the Swami's strange words, "There is no death."

As the company seated themselves around the speaker, on the luxuriant lounging places, there was a breathless silence, for they had all learned in the few weeks of their acquaintance with the Oriental that however he expressed himself, he

could and would make it perfectly clear to their understanding.

"Look into the sky," he said, "and observe that in it there has never been known death; only on earth has been seen that symbol called death. Your Master counted it one more, and the last of all the enemies of man, and taught the secret of overcoming it.

"The world laughs us to scorn to-day, as it did Him in His day, when we speak in its presence any of the great points of the law of His secret doctrine. It will not be eighteen hundred years more before the world comes out of its eclipse of mortal consciousness, for the spirit of God is even now moving upon the waters, and bringing forth of its kind, wisdom—understanding. Glory to God in the highest, the supreme, the eternal, for this is the eternal, unfading, undying glory of man.

"O man! fix thy mind on this changeless substance, and be thou glorified, and thy days shall no longer be numbered as 'three score years and ten,' but as those of Methuselah. It shall be indeed as thou sayest what shall be the length of thy sojourn here. But this cannot come to thee until thou seest clearly that thou wert sent of God for a divine purpose; that He hath work for thee according to His will; that He doth not choose to spare thee, thou whom He hath sent to help lead the blind out of Egyptian (mortal) darkness. We only begin to live, brother, when we reach this point of light. This 'coat of skin' in which we have clothed ourselves should not be like tattered garments, garments torn and worn, but should bear the freshness of renewal."

The Swami paused.

"Your teachings, Master," said Mr. Carper, "are to me what the story of Aladdin's lamp is to a child. Pardon me, I would that it were true, that which seems so to thee."

"Say rather that which is to me. Thou knowest well that only that is, which can be proven. There are many of our order that have proven the truth of my words, but only they who will may know what life in its fullness means.

"Ofttimes have I seen in thought how your Master groaned for the world, and suffered for it while in it; groaned that the scales did not fall from the eyes of the people, so that they might see clearly the life that is, that knoweth no death.

"Our life, begun in flesh-darkness, is finished (as taught in your own Scriptures) in the full revealment of the crowning glory that awaiteth man, only when man learns true co-operation with God.

"True, your Master's life was not marked by many years of time. It had no need to be, for in His every hour He was about His 'Father's business.' It was the work that will endure for all time and for all the needs of time and for all the conditions of man.

"The Christ, the great revelator in Him, proved the victory over the grave, for there was no body found in the tomb, only His grave clothes. Indeed, He was not the first, according to your sacred writings, to triumph over death and the grave. Other bodies have been made invisible through a knowledge of Light, even as was the Master's, through His knowledge of and His living according to Spiritual Law.

"What means all this?

"'We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery,' said one of the great initiates. Your Master spoke of life only; He denied death at all times; He broke every mortal bondage; He healed all manner of diseases. Then disease must be unlawful, and, according to His teachings, bitterness, and hate, and fear, must be lost in love. Was not His ministry a ministry of love? Was not His all-conquering mastery His through a knowledge of the principle of love? I love to think on that long fast of forty days, wherein He ate this bread of life, and fasted only from bitterness and the world's condemnation. He fasted that He might come down in the greater fullness of power to feed the hungering people that bread of life of which in silence He had partaken so freely.

"But how many then as now would not be fed? I know how lonely on the human side He must have felt sometimes, because the world refused to hear His teachings of the power of mastery within, through the understanding of life and its principle."

Richard Dent, ever a respectful listener to any teaching wherein a grain of Truth could be found, addressing the Swami, said:

"It would seem that heaven had appointed this resting place, and thee to instruct us in all thou mayest of the wisdom of thy people. Speak freely to us, I beseech thee, speak as if we were but little children."

The Swami answered: "My people have some knowledge of the truth, but truth is limitless as God. Buddha taught this, Confucius that, but to me the Nazarene's teaching is greater than those of all others. So, to me, not in my beloved India alone, but in all lands, shall I stand face to face with that great principle of life, the law which your Master proved in its fullness, while many another only searched for it."

"Think you as so many in the past have, that this was the 'Garden of Eden?' " asked Mrs. Drake, with great earnestness.

"Of what art thou speaking, sister?" asked the Swami. "Truth is found only in the heart of man. It is God in man, and when this center of being, this God-consciousness is reached, surely we have entered the 'Garden of Eden.'"

Mrs. Drake was silent. She had thought only of the island that they were visiting, but in her timidity she felt that she had been misunderstood, but did not like to say so.

The Swami, rightly interpreting her silence, said:

"Thou wert but thinking of this gardenspot of our planet. I speak of the invisible of which the visible is but the shadowy perception. As a mirage but poorly reflects a shore, so this fair earth is but the dim outline of that fairer country toward which we all are journeying."

For a time all were silent. At length Zella said:

"Teach us, O Master, more of this unutterable truth after which the heart of man longeth. May we not sometime learn to step, without loss of consciousness, from this world into that fairer one of which thou speakest? Is it not possible for us on this side, though yet in darkness, to gain that clearer vision and move on undismayed? It is a great longing of my heart that the world may know this. Wherefore the longing if there be no answer."

"Aye, thou hast spoken well. To those who seek in all earnestness the law so ably taught by Him of Nazareth, this clearer sight is given. It belongs to all mankind, but it comes not without the knowledge gained by seeking.

"I speak of your Master, because of your supposed familiarity with His teachings. Our Master was one of the great teachers also, and he differed not essentially in his teachings from yours. We understand and love him because he was sent to our people. God hath given unto all nations a witness of Himself. In the fullness of time thou, too, mayest be sent to some nation of the earth, to bear the same glad tidings to its people. This world is a school wherein man may learn when he will, as in time he must, to know his own God-like nature, and to reveal it. Through this spiritual influence, sent down the ages, the whole world is to be redeemed. more of light we gain here the sooner shall we come to that point where, to know the Christ within, is to know the world's redeemer, for only through the knowledge of the Christ can be fulfilled the Father's perfect design and intense desire that man be glorified and rule with Him.

A profound stillness fell upon the Swami's attentive audience. All were deeply interested. Jessie was the first to speak.

"And will not this take ages, Master, and where shall our imperfectly learned lessons be perfected?"

"Some hold that the lesson poorly learned here must be completed here. What matter where, since it must be learned? Surely conditions wherever met will be no less favorable than these that by many are so sadly neglected here. But to go out from this world, as so many do, without replenishing that light within, that light which penetrates all darkness and takes away the fear and chill of death, were pitiable indeed, for there is terror in impenetrable darkness that chills even the marrow, and makes the bones rattle; there is only one light that can penetrate this outer darkness, it is the light of the Christ within."

Jessie spoke again:

"Already hath life assumed a new

interest and aspect under your teaching, Master. I am changed by the thoughts you have given me, and I see, as in a vista of coming years, a light, the light of ever increasing wisdom. I fancy life should be a joy without even one touch of sorrow—the vision continues—of things unfamiliar to my sight. All around me is darkness. Is it the darkness of ignorance? Now, as I watch, the light grows brighter, it is tremulous and shimmering, like the first notes of Aurora at early dawn. Now it becomes a steady light into which from out the darkness figures, at first dim, and then more pronounced, are moving. now behold a limitless expanse filled with radiant light and forms. I hear the songs of birds and the silvery music of falling waters."

Jessie's hands were clasped across her knee and her head was somewhat bent. Lifting her face toward the Master:

"Say, what means this vision?" she asked; "is it vain imaginings? I have known naught like this before."

"Nay, child, thou hast been vouchsafed, for a moment of time, thy clearer sight; but marvelous as it has been to thee, thou shalt see more hereafter.

"The beautiful picture in thine own Bible tells thee how the angels ascended and descended unto Jacob. Why to thee? Because thou didst not close thy mind, but opened it freely to see 'the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' So said thy beloved St. John.

"Thou canst perhaps scarcely understand the full significance of dream-life. But I say unto thee this is the dream-life in which we seem to live. Real living begins only when the soul cries out for light, and, as the light increases, it grows upon our vision. The chasm between this and the invisible realm is spanned with indestructible rays thrown forward from thine own consciousness, the self-same rays that divine consciousness projected when thou wert made manifest. Now, recognizing these rays, thou thyself hast rebound thyself to the divine consciousness that projected thee. In this clear light thou shalt see the borderland, and know there are no dead, and that the law's requirement is to abide in the continuing thought of life that leads into that near future wherein there is neither cloud nor darkness, only that in which thy whole heart and being shall find delight. Help, thou child of God, to arouse the slumbering soul of man, now so soundly sleeping in the darkness of night, and let thy light shine in his pathway, for this is thine errand upon earth."

From this closing hour of the day, when, with the falling shadows, the words of the Swami died into silence, Jessie was a changed being. She who had been as we know, a universal favorite, had seen in this vision, almost too sacred for speech, a glimpse of the illumined soul, her own Godlike being.

CHAPTER XV.

Four months of time have elapsed since our last meeting. One month had been spent in Calcutta. The travelers were there shown not only the home, but the very office building and the interior thereof, where Leonidas Starbright had spent years of his life in gathering his fortune. It came from the products of the soil; co-coanuts, coffee and gems, as well as tea and spices.

Mr. Starbright had never been questioned much concerning his life in Calcutta, nor had he volunteered any information, but there was a shadowy sense, to all closely connected with him, of a mystery that had been the controlling power of his life. He always spoke plainly enough to them of his business connections; he had told them how some passing fancy had possessed him while in London; that he had left there aimlessly, yet pushed on by a power he did not name. He told them

how, on board the steamer, he fell in with an East India merchant who had interested him in gems, and their value as merchandise, and how this merchant, judging that he was not without means, offered him after many days of acquaintance a partnership with him; and how he simply allowed himself, as it seemed to him then, to drift into business of an immensely profitable nature, without giving himself any concern about the results of such an enterprise.

Was it because some shadow had fallen upon his life that he had been willing to drift? for he seemed certainly to have drifted into fortune. His pride was fully gratified now that he was able to show his children, as he called them, the place of his former abode. This done, he was ready to say farewell forever; he was ready to pursue his last journey of life where the drafts of memory were less heavy. He was ready to float on that incoming tide which leads to the celestial city. He was filled with that peace which is power. One more blessing was to be returned unto him before leaving forever the hospitable shore

of India. His new friend was now to lead them all to a visit in the home of the man whom he had found on that scorching day beneath the palm tree. This man was waiting with all the impatience known to the temper of a hot climate, to greet his deliverer and the founder of his fortune.

I can but give you a glimpse of the meeting and the reception awaiting Mr. Starbright. Far out on the road from this luxuriant bungalow, named "Starlight Bungalow," the owner went in state to meet his guest and party.

Seeing his benefactor afar off, he raised the flag of his country and waved it above his head, and what was Zella's delight when she came near to know that the stars and stripes were held in the same hand and waving with it. As he met Mr. Starbright he resigned the flags into the hand of his attendant, and falling upon the neck of his visitor kissed him and wept tears of joy. Lifting his head he said: "God be praised! I welcome thee with all the gratitude of my heart to the home that He in His goodness, through thine own divine act of tenderness, hath given to me.

Come, eat, drink and be merry, for it is the praise due unto Him and thee. All that I have is thine so long as thou wilt tarry with me.

"I would lift to thy lips the brimming cup of blessings, and bear thee into the bosom of that love which is forever over-flowing for its children. I have daily borne my prayers into the listening ears of the waiting Spirit, until they have become a ceaseless song in my mouth for my benefactor, he who would not leave me to perish on the parched earth, with a weary and sinsick soul.

"Look at all the treasures of my home, and know that the memory of thy kindness is its sparkling jewel and central light. Seek now thy cool apartments and rest awhile, until the coffee greets thee with its aroma. Know then that the feast is spread for thee."

The master of the bungalow was standing at the entrance of the apartment, and as he spake the last words he bowed his head and said: "Glory be to Him who ruleth forever more. Rest thou in peace, glad with the blessings of my heart," and

he dropped the curtains that fell between the two apartments.

I cannot tell you of the happy, happy days to Mr. Starbright and the whole party spent beneath this roof, made doubly sacred to Tamerlane by his benefactor's presence. They formed one more panel in his life's panorama, never to be forgotten or erased; but heaven's richest gifts lose their beneficence unless they are sent on to bless others; divine energy within man must be expressed in ceaseless activity, for stagnation is death.

The time of parting came. The travelers were to return to Calcutta, bid adieu to their newly discovered brothers, and steam southward on the beautiful Bengal Bay. They were to stop for a short time at Hong Kong and at Yokohama, where they boarded a sailing vessel for San Francisco. Most perfect harmony had been maintained all this long and eventful journey, and the peace of mind had manifested in health of body. They had learned of the Swami the great truth, that inharmony produces wrinkles, and sometimes, indeed always is the cause of death.

For a few weeks they remained in San Francisco, visiting from there places of note now familiar to most travelers. Coronado Beach, Monterey and many other places of interest, from thence they journeved north until beneath the shadow of Mount Shasta, and the towering spray of Shasta Springs, and then onward to Portland. From this point Zella began to grow impatient to visit Lake Geneva, which, though a home to her for so short a time had, because of its eventfulness in her career, a place in her affections as of years. It was here she had passed from girlhood to wifehood, and from the state of pennilessness to one of almost unlimited abundance. It was here she had gained her peerless husband. It was not strange that her heart clung to this spot and all the events of that happy season, and that she longed to once again steam on the beautiful water where she had been so happy. And she recalled that it was here she had so nearly lost her life. But Zella was so devoted to her guardian and uncle, her father she loved to call him, that she had refrained from letting him know that she

had the least feeling of haste. So the beautiful Columbia was navigated with as much enjoyment as though they had just started out.

Another month has passed before the conductor on their train shouted out "Geneva? Next station, Williams Bay!"

Mr. Starbright and his party took the steamer from Geneva for Kaye's Park. The neighborhood and surroundings had so much changed that Zella hardly recognized the place.

Among the first to learn of the arrival of the three girls with changed names, who had once danced and frolicked at the Park and had listened with absorbing interest to Professor Scales, was the Professor himself and his good wife.

The Professor sought with eager haste to pay his respects to Zella and her uncle, and to give a hearty greeting to all the company.

Here at Lake Geneva the party agreed to rest awhile from their long journeyings.

Here the three girls had brought their treasures, the children, and though two had been adopted, none could have guessed which two they were. Nor did the children themselves know they were not flesh and blood of the parent stem.

Eight children, the full expression of life and joy, would break the neighboring silence, be it ever so profound. History is continually repeating itself and so, too, is nature.

Here were the beginnings of other young lives that might perhaps unfold into as great surprises as had those of the three girls, Zella Starbright, Jessie Dunkirk and Susie Clay, with whose history we are so familiar.

If we have, in this book of love stories, spoken more of the feminine than the masculine character, it is only because of that true womanliness which experience brought out in these three girls of differing circumstances, the development of that characteristic ever adorable in womankind. It was womanliness that had drawn to them as life companions three noble characters, as unlike as it were possible to find if selected for the purpose of contrast.

Mr. Starbright, with his long and shin-

ing white hair, his broad shoulders, and grand proportions, his classic features and his gracious bearing, was one who could not be passed by unnoticed, and the grouping for pictures with Mr. Starbright and the children in the foreground, was one of the pastimes in those days.

A month passed quickly in a repetition of all that the three mothers had enjoyed as girls, and the delight Mr. Starbright found in verifying all that he had heard of Geneva gave great happiness to his children.

At the first suggestion of Mr. Starbright's desire to return home Zella made hasty preparations, in which all the rest joined. While she had anticipated a lengthened visit in a few of the principal cities of the States, yet with the true sense of the psychic, she made for a good reason no delays.

Inside another month they had passed through the cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington and New York, giving a day to each, with the exception of Cincinnati. Here they remained several days to visit the convent, and the tomb of the brother and father, Justin Starbright.

Upon reaching their own homes in Melbourne, after one year's absence, the party was in an undreamed of state of delight, but no one happier than Victor. Their hearts were full of peace and thankfulness that not an event of sadness had occurred to mar the beauty of their journeyings, in their long and indirect voyage around the world.

It had been a very long journey for a man of Mr. Starbright's years and delicate health, but at times he had appeared like one thoroughly rejuvenated.

Professor and Mrs. Scales had returned with them and were like delighted children in Zella's palatial home, the central figure and governing mind of which was Leonidas Starbright. He was reverenced and beloved by all.

Zella, as though to the manor born, was full of delight that the man who had taught her to think earnestly for herself, and to learn to know herself, together with his cultured wife, was to be their guests for an indefinite length of time, which would give them an opportunity to become better acquainted with her husband, who was now chief justice, and also with her other loved ones of the home circle.

None but Zella had seen into the closing events of our story which events speedily followed.

CHAPTER XVI.

Among the busy ones after their arrival home was Leonidas, Jr. He had grown physically as well as mentally, and was much taller and more manly in his appearance. Now, with Julius Whiting Drake, Leo, Jr., and several boys of the neighborhood, he was giving orders for the arrangement of his large collections that had been made during their travels. They had already spent several days in this work and yet he had scarcely begun to empty his trunks.

Julius and Leo were at tables marking with great care each specimen as it was unpacked; in fact, writing out a little history from memory. At the same time Leonidas consulted his well-kept journal that they make no mistake. And it was with great delight that they were traveling together in thought day by day the ground they had been over, and teaching the other boys from nature that which

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months of school books could not have taught. Mr. Starbright's words that a year's travel for children is better than three years of booklore were verified; for every day these three boys made haste to get to work in Leonidas' museum and when evening came they complained that the day had been all too short.

And what's this, Lon?" asked one of the boys, holding up a lizard of great length and beauty.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Leonidas.

"It looks like a lizard," replied the questioner, "but there is nowhere in the world they have such monster lizards as this, is there? Is it a real or made up one?"

"It is real. And they have sometimes bigger ones than he," replied Leonidas, and added: "They have been found to be six feet long in Colombo, so Haeckel says, but this is the longest one we found. We'll have to give him a shelf by himself. Do you see where he was struck on the head by the shot that killed him? If he had been hit anywhere else he might have dealt his destroyer a blow with his tail and hurt him.

"Now, boys, here is my precious box of butterflies. This will be many days' work for us, for papa has ordered me a large case for them and I'm going to mount them on delicate wires, some high, some low. They will then tremble with every sound vibration in the room or from big vibrations outside, so you see they will look just as though they were flying. Won't that be lovely, boys?"

"How did you catch them, Lon?" asked one of the boys.

"Oh, we did not chase them as I used to do, and frighten them away; but I would slip my hand carefully over them and they would find themselves prisoners. Do you see this trap?" asked Leonidas, holding up a little square case of glass that was attached to a delicate handle; "I invented this myself. I took this little square glass dish, put a frame as you see, into this handle, then made this slide of pasteboard, and when the beautiful creature was on a bush or flower I would carefully reach out my glass hand, with the long arm, and cover him and draw him carefully off his perch. At the same time pushing this wire

and sliding the pasteboard under his feet. I hated to sometimes, for he looked so beautiful on the gold or scarlet Hibiscus, or the honeysuckle, or on the dark green leaf that was his home. But then you know, boys, I must have my collection complete, for I am bound to have the best museum in all Melbourne.

"Oh, see, Frank, how wonderful these butterflies are. See that great black fellow with the big blood red spots and his swallow-tailed wings," continued Leo, pointing to the largest of the collection. "I don't know what you will say when you come to see my bugs and birds. They beat everything."

Just here Zella and two or three of the other little girls came rushing to the door with an invitation for the boys to come and see their playroom, for they were fixing it up and wanted Leo to help them.

"We'll come in a half hour," said Leonidas. "Go home and get ready for us."

"We are ready now," replied Zella, "and can't wait. Our California dolls and all the others, even the little Japs, look just lovely."

"You what!" said Leonidas.

"Well, I know what you mean. You don't want me to say can't. Well, if you can come we can wait just a half hour, but we don't want to," and the little girls scampered to their playroom.

Leonidas looked up at the clock and said, "Nine-thirty; we will not disappoint them."

Each child in this lovely home was given the utmost freedom, and taught to rely upon his own resources and to be responsible for his every act. Because of this it was something beautiful to watch day by day the growth of individuality. It was like a garden of flowers, the poppies were poppies and the roses, roses, and there was no mistaking one for the other.

"The clock strikes," said Leonidas, at the close of the half hour, "and those sweet sisters know we'll be on time, though it is hard to leave our beautiful butterflies and all the other treasures, even to go and admire their museum of dolls. Let us go quickly so to get back soon," and Leonidas led the way to the next room, where there was a display of dolls, and tables, and chairs, and fans, and innumerable things

that are temptations for the little women. It was a sight quite as interesting for study as that of the boys' room. There was the black doll, and the white doll and the yellow doll; the queen in all her splendor; the father and mother and family of the Cinghalese; there was the Chinaman at his laundry; there was the lady of quality and her domestics; there were infants of all degrees, in the cradle and out; there was even the early American product, the rag doll. Here in these two rooms was shown the great contrast between the feminine and masculine taste. Both exhibited the same painstaking and care, but in quite different directions.

"Well," asked Leo, when the boys had examined and praised to the girls' satisfaction all that they saw, "what would you take for your museum, girls?"

"Take," cried Zella. "We wouldn't take anything. We brought all these things home to keep."

"More than tongue can tell," said Mrs. Drake's youngest little girl, who sat rocking a couple of dolls in her arms.

"Oh, there's the bell for rehearsal and

we'll all have to go," said Frank. "How many dolls do you have to take?"

"We don't take any to-day," said Jessie, "but we must go right off. Quick! or our manager," she said, looking archly at Leonidas, "will put a mark against us."

In a very few moments they were in the theater, a room not built for that purpose, but prettily and conveniently converted into one by Leonidas Starbright, Jr., who, being the eldest, was proprietor, playwright, manager and actor all combined, and who, because of his order and promptness, was greatly respected as a leader by the other children.

There had been since they returned much whispering and great ado about opening anew the theater, and representing some of the thoughts they had grown big with in their absence. It had not been given out what the play was to be, but all knew that it was to be presented upon grandpa's birthday, a date close at hand.

Many hours of each day the boys worked together very harmoniously in decorating the room with foreign designs, such as they had seen in their travels. They had scarfs and flags of many nations; panels of peculiar designs; and there were curious little gods in wood and stone. They were happy in the tasteful display of their new collections. With these their little theater took on a classic appearance.

It is astonishing how the orderly child or adult influences a whole household to peace, while a disorderly one will destroy the happiness of the family.

Among the children of this home Leonidas, we have said, had great influence, and when his call came for any duty or pleasure everything was dropped and the order quickly obeyed, consequently there was never manifested anything on the part of any of the children but alacrity and cheerfulness.

It was in this home that I learned one of the great secrets of cheerfulness.

Professor and Mrs. Scales had been with the family only a little while when Zella suggested that the Pavilion lectures be resumed on the broad veranda, and let who would, assistants and all, come and listen, as the Professor enjoyed nothing better than giving his best thought to others The lectures quickly became a feature of the morning hour.

Every department of home life was reentered upon with new zest and filled with new beauty since their home-coming.

In those beautiful days the golden sunset of their lives, the philosopher and the merchant prince walked and rode and reasoned together.

Mr. Starbright had once said to Professor Scales.

"My days are so full of blessings they must be near their close. I could not bear, it sometimes seems to me, another drop of joy. I know that soon the golden gate will open wide for me, and I know that I shall pass joyously through its portals, for I know that this life of sweetness, growing fainter here, will go on with renewed power and zest beyond. thank God that this bright light of hope and wisdom-consciousness has been given me, for I know that having opened my inner sight here, it will not be darkness into which I pass over there, for the light, because of being recognized here, will be increased there, and the joy that I have

tasted here will be bliss over there. 'More light, more light,' was the great Goethe's cry, and my own soul echoes his words. More light, more wisdom, Father, for Thy child."

Zella and Jessie or Zella and Mrs. Drake daily accompanied the philosopher and the merchant on a drive at five in the afternoon, whilst not infrequently two or three of the family accompanied them on horseback. Mrs. Scales enjoyed her daily outing, always seated beside Richard Dent in his own phæton. These were healthful, happy hours for them all.

The birthday was close at hand, and not only the children but every member of the family, determined to make it the crowning joy to Mr. Starbright after the boundless pleasures he had bestowed upon them in this journey around the world.

That it be not too much of a surprise, Zella thought it wise to give her guardian some hint of their intention. So the day before she made him a short visit in his own room as she was frequently wont to do since their return. It was during this visit that she recognized the fact of his failing strength.

To-day he watched her every movement, and whilst she read to him a chapter from the Psalms his hand played in the waves of her brown hair. When she had finished he said:

"Zella, my child, I am going to tell you my own love story. We have gained some valuable lessons from Professor Scales. Thereby some help may be given to others, some strength perhaps, as I give you permission to tell it when I am gone. If he were here he would treasure it even as I have, but only now as I place my hand upon the head of my beloved," stroking Zella's hair as she sat on the low cushion beside him, "have I realized the power of love."

"God grant that that time shall not come soon," said Zella, although she knew it must, for she felt a shadow approaching.

"I gave up my substance, all I had to give, my life, my love. Shall I tell you, Zella, child of my heart, this sweet story? If so go to my desk, and in the center of the table you will find a metal plate. There is a spring partially concealed that will open at your touch. Do this please, and bring me the curious casket you will find there."

Zella did as requested and, returning, held in her hand a case of ivory and gold of most exquisite workmanship, with here and there a costly gem studding its lid. She placed it in Mr. Starbright's outstretched hand. It was almost too heavy and she helped to bear its weight whilst he turned back the lid and disclosed upon its inner surface the word "Zella," in sparkling rubies.

He lifted from its hiding place a large gold locket in which was a beautiful miniature set around with diamonds. Handing it to Zella, he said:

"This is of thy mother when a girl. Thou art like unto her in many ways, though not perhaps as fair. She was very beautiful, at least so I thought in that joyous time when I hoped she would be my bride."

Zella seized the locket from her foster father's hand and gazed long and eagerly at it, for she had never until now seen a picture of her mother. There were found no paintings of her when the home was repurchased. Whether they had been sold or stolen, none knew.

"Is this my mother's face?" asked Zella, looking into Mr. Starbright's eyes, in which

a gleam as of celestial joy was seen.

"Look at her! Was she not beautiful? the sweet lady; and I never knew her; I never knew a mother's care. I have only a memory of a delicate little woman who was never overjoyous."

Mr. Starbright's fingers played nervously with the contents of the casket. Zella kneeled by his side and leaned her head close to him.

What thought now stirred him? Had he ever dreamed that his own sacrifice had struck a minor chord in her life and bereft it of its supremest joy? If not he thought it now.

"Zella," said Mr. Starbright, "this casket and all its treasures were meant for her, they shall be yours. Even the will made in her favor you will find in the bottom of this box. It is of no use now, but you will be able when you read it at another time, to know how glad I was to find you."

As Zella lifted, one by one, the treasures in the box, bracelets, brooches, chains and ornaments for the neck, all of rare workmanship and great value, she was amazed. None but a dealer in gems would think of using them in such extravagance. But we must keep in mind that Mr. Starbright's heart of love was in this extravagance, and to such nothing is too costly.

"Now let me tell you the story of my life: "Your father, Zella, my beloved brother, was a handsome man, as you have often remarked when looking at his painting that hangs in the hall. That picture does him He was far handsomer than injustice. that, and with all so good and gentle. He was a man whose fascinating personal appearance no feminine heart could resist. He was educated at Oxford, England, because of our father having been educated there. When he returned, having graduated with honors, he flashed upon the firmament of our home circle like a brilliant star, and I myself worshiped him. How could I expect that my beautiful Zella could escape his power? He knew nothing of our attachment, which had not become an engagement. Day by day I felt a faintness and despair as I saw his growing interest in her and knew it found response. made me wretched, but what could I do? Overawed by his magnificence, if I could not help worshiping him, how could I expect her to be uninfluenced, or how snatch her from him? I grew hourly more sure of the widening gulf that separated us. I had no power to bridge the gulf, I soon realized. He could not help wooing her, and there could be but one end and that marriage. I had dreamed of such a consummation in my own life."

After a few moments' pause Mr. Starbright continued: "A knowledge of this came to me sooner than expected. I was walking in the grounds one evening, trying to drive away a nervous, restless foreboding, the cause of which I did not then understand. I heard my brother's voice in earnest conversation with Zella's father, who, with his daughter, had been a guest with us at dinner. I heard the words, 'If you can win my daughter, and you seem to think you have won her, I could not withhold my consent from so noble a suitor.'

"These words fell like lead into my already excited brain and made me almost mad. They were my death knell, I believed. I had no power to spring forward and press a prior claim. I sank down upon

the sod where I stood, beneath a great tree, helpless, hopeless, almost paralyzed with my grief. How long I remained there I do not know. It must have been far into the morning, for my clothes were wet with an infrequent dew when I came to consciousness.

"I could only think of Zella as one already gone, one lost to me through my own tardiness. I had been intoxicated by the delicious consciousness of the stream of love on which I was drifting. I had not even thought of a pledge from her or a word of consent. Who was then to blame? Not Zella, no, not she. I might blame any one else. I turned upon myself. I had been a blind fool, I could never love again. could not even remain to see this love-making between them. It would drive me mad. I would go where I could live in the sweet memory of the past. I knew no future. All was blank for me. I saw clearly that what was wretchedness for me, if spoken, might result in wretchedness for others. I could see but one thing for me to do: leave Melbourne forever. quently I suggested to my father that he

allow me to make a trip to London with a view to business.

"My father was greatly disappointed. He had hoped that the name of his sons, after the English fashion, would be added to his name in his business, and it was hard for him to meet what he deemed waywardness in me. But with the tenderness of a good father he let me have my will, and gave me letters of introduction (that were never presented) to many desirable business firms where he knew that his lightest wish regarding me would be granted, and also a letter of credit of an unlimited amount, in case I should invest in business.

"I left Melbourne in such a state of desperation I would gladly have thrown myself into the sea, but some power held me back. I now see that it was the Will Omnipotent that saved me from my own, and with grateful heart I acknowledge that His will, who holds the atom in its place, held me, because 'He had jewels in His hand for me.'"

The sun fell upon the casket that Zella carelessly held in her hand, and the gems threw out their sparkling light, a blaze of beauty.

"How mysterious," said Mr. Starbright, "is the leading of the divine Spirit that pointed the way to you, my priceless one, and to Richard and all the others, my jewels all, with hearts of fire.

"This chain," he continued, lifting Zella's chain in his hand, "was a desperate fancy of mine, and designed in my lonely hours. It was made in its curious fashion to hide the treasures that were to sparkle upon the white bosom of the only woman I ever loved.

"Little had I thought what part in the great drama of my life, and that of others, it would play. Its design and execution gave me many busy hours, and bound my heart anew to the living as it does now, and to those who have gone before. And now call Sambo and have him bring the children; it is their hour."

It was not many minutes before grandpa's chair was hung, both arms and back, with the children, like clothespins on a line. It had been their custom to come after dinner to listen to his stories, in which he always pictured goodness and its sweet reward. "To-night, my little people," said Mr. Starbright, as they came trooping around him, "I want you to tell me stories. We will change places. I will take a little rest. At this many mouths were opened, each striving to be heard.

"Hush, children," said Mr. Dent, for it was also the custom of the older members to gather about Mr. Starbright at the children's hour, "let one speak at a time."

"Leonidas," said Mr. Starbright, "I will hear from you first."

"And, Grandpa, dear, we have only one story to tell, and that's all about our theater and the play we are going to give tomorrow night for your birthday. Oh, Grandpa! I tell you it's going to be splendid. We can't think of anything else, because you see the Fairy Queen is coming off to-morrow night."

"Ha! Mamma, Leonidas said 'can't,' "said Zella.

"Excuse me, sister, I meant don't."

"Well, tell me all about it. If I am to see it I shall enjoy it more if I know something of it to begin with," said Grandpa.

The children were so full of the Fairy

Queen, as Leonidas had said, that they did not notice Mr. Starbright's pallor or condition.

"You to see it, Grandpa! Well, I guess so! Why, Grandpa, it's all been got up for you, and you just ought to see our boxoffice, for no one can get in that does not have a ticket, and you are the only one who is to have a complimentary. And we have a private box for you and Mamma, and it's a beauty," at which all the children clapped their hands, shouting gleefully.

"Leonidas has the floor," said Mr. Carper.
"It is fit for a king," continued Leonidas.
"We tried to have it big enough for papa,
too, but we couldn't, and we know he will
be happy anyway, to see how beautiful you
will look, and Mamma, too, and he couldn't
see that if he sat with you."

"Tell him about the Fairy Queen," shouted the little girls all at once; "tell him how beautiful she is."

"And shall I tell you all about it, Grandpa? No, I guess I won't, for then there will be no surprises."

"I should like to hear about it now," said Mr. Starbright. "Well," replied Leonidas, "I am manager, you know, but I am to be the sweetheart of the Fairy Queen. I fall in love with her because she is so beautiful. When I first see her she is folded inside a lily, close to the edge of a pond. I don't see her when the lily is folded up, you know, Grandpa, but when it opens and she sings. She's just beautiful, and I am captured with her."

The children clapped again and would not be quieted until Leonidas said, "why Grandpa is crying, I see the tears in his eyes."

"Tears come sometimes when we are happy," said Mr. Starbright, to conceal his real feeling.

"Well, you can't cry to-morrow night nor no one else, for there are so many funny things in our play; but the funniest of it all is, I don't mean funny, but I don't know what other word to use."

"Well, never mind, go on quick," said little Zella.

"Well, it's just this: as I am about to propose to the Fairy Queen to be my wife, there comes a beautiful Prince riding by,

and he is Frank Dayton Drake, and he claims her hand and wins her heart, and, I don't die of grief, but I leave the country."

"Children, you are so full of play to-night, and you do not want Grandpa to get so tired that he cannot attend to-morrow night," said Mr. Dent, "so run into the music room and sing us some songs, and dance a little if you like, and then to bed."

"Exit," said Leonidas, "good-night, everybody. Good-night, Fairy King," he said, kissing his Grandfather, "for you are our Fairy King." The children scrambled to say good-night and kiss him, too. They were too excited to be orderly, but they were soon gone, and all was quiet again.

"Sambo, you may help me to bed. I will say good-night to all. I'll save my strength for the birthday, and the play to-morrow night," said Mr. Starbright.

"It is early for you," said Zella, "but we are to have such an increase of joy to-morrow that I think it is well that we say goodnight."

She stooped and kissed him, and together the family left the apartment.

CHAPTER XVII.

The following morning was ushered in with glee and shouting. It was Grandpa's birthday, and he was to be the recipient of all they chose to shower upon him, their desires were only to increase his pleasure. The day was to be given up by everyone as the greatest festive day that Starbright Palace and its inmates had ever known. With rare tropical plants and flags of many nations, the dining room had been completely transformed. It reminded Mr. Starbright of his reception by Tamerlane, the brother of the Swami.

Professor and Mrs. Scales, the loved and honored guests, were still with them, and the Professor had promised to give a love lesson in the afternoon on the veranda. Everywhere vases of the calla lily, so indigenous to the soil of California, were seen throughout the house, a suggestion of the visit to that state, for each vied with the other in making prominent some reminder

of their journey, as a compliment for all that Mr. Starbright had done in giving them the pleasure and instruction of that never-to-be-forgotten voyage around the world.

With what light and noiseless steps the hours of joy pass where harmony prevails.

The children could hardly contain themselves to wait for the evening hour. They forsook their museum and spent their time in the theater. After lunch everyone gathered on the veranda to hear Professor Scales' story. It was short and sweet and intended to interest and impress the children.

Everyone employed upon the place in any capacity took part in the festival, and all the little pickaninnies came and filled the steps to listen to the Professor, who commenced:

"It was in western Virginia, in the early days of railroad building in our country, that a road was being made through a mountain. The cut made was already sixty feet deep. Fifty or more Irishmen had been up to the present time working harmoniously and well, under a competent

overseer, though the men were really of two parties: the Orangemen, and those belonging to the order of the Home Rulers. When, one morning, a disagreement commenced the Orangemen became enraged with the others, and used harsh and bitter words against the opposite party.

"There is no condemnation that is so severe and unbearable as that of ignorance, and ignorance has no means of expressing itself except by brute force. So the bitter words grew into violence, and in a few moments the whole ground, to the overseer's dismay, had become one of riot and confusion; bloodshed was likely to follow and the stones and sticks that were being thrown threatened destruction if not death. The voice of the overseer had no more influence upon them than a pebble would have to stay a great incoming wave. He drew his revolver and fired several times, but it was not heard so great had become the excitement and fury of the boiling blood. Where and when the melee would cease, it was impossible to tell.

"Up high on the mountain side through which the men had cut, stood a colored

nurse, of the old Virginia type, in fresh turban and long, white apron. In her arms she held a beautiful child, less than a year old, the dainty and petted pride of Mammy as well as of its father and mother. two presented a beautiful picture crowning the height. Suddenly there came an awful The child sprang from the moment. Mammy's arms over the edge of the cut, and rolled over and over the clean gravel, with frightful rapidity. The wild screams of the nurse, in her helplessness and despair, rent the air. There was no possibility of her rescuing her precious charge. She saw only the blinding whiteness, as it rolled nearer and nearer to the field of battle that was now fiercely raging. What could she do? Surely the child would be crushed! She was tempted to throw herself headlong after it.

"'De Lord have mercy upon de little innocence,' she ejaculated, with clasped hands, as she strained her sight to see what would befall it. She held her breath, riveted to the spot, when, as if in answer to her prayer, the foremost leader in the riot, with hands raised and grasping a heavy stone ready to hurl against his opponent, caught in a glance the flashing whiteness of the baby dress, and dropping the stone suddenly sprang forward and caught the rolling bit of humanity in his arms. The man was awed and changed in expression, as though the baby had been dropped down from the sky, a special message of divine love to him.

"'Och, the little darlint,' he said as he hugged it close, and kissed its cheek, while the tears gushed from his eyes. Then he walked up a few steps and seated himself in the slope of the gravel, where all the men could see him.

"Peace was almost instantly restored among the men, not another stone was thrown. They all gathered eagerly around the Orangeman to behold the miracle of God's protecting power, for themselves and the child. 'The little darlint' had not received a scratch, and the Mammy from above, seeing the rescue, came running with all the speed her avoirdupois would allow, and shaking like a plate of jelly, down the long slope of the mountain side to claim her charge. The child was beauti-

ful, and sweetly smiled upon her rescuer.

"The fight was ended. Greater than shot or shell, greater than powder or brickbats, is the power of love, to still the storms of bitterness and hate, to antidote the poison of them both, to melt the heart of stone, to reform the criminal, to make heaven possible on earth."

The children were full of questions about the baby, and they all thought this even better than the story of the black squirrel, which the Professor had been obliged to repeat again and again for them.

"I feel," Professor Scales continued, "there is to be a greater revelation by following this thought, and discovering the science thereof, and becoming acquainted with this power that Drummond says is the greatest thing in the world, than has been made known through the discovery of electricity.

"If love could be considered the keynote and bond of humanity I believe a proper knowledge and use of it in all its chords would actually revolutionize the world. It would rob the ignorant of the power to do evil until murder and crime of all kinds shall be known no more.

"The chemist knows well how to dissolve all hard substances into liquid forms; he knows how by the union of certain twos to find a third; he claims there is an antidote for all poisons.

"A knowledge of spiritual chemistry, of which love is the great solvent, I believe would transform all humanity and all its hard conditions into a world of peace and beauty.

"One great revelation precedes another. The horse is rapidly being emancipated from slavery by the use of electricity. Horses are already becoming less numerous and in later years may become extinct. Consequently I can see by the little knowledge that I have gained of the power of love, how men shall be freed from the slavery to the senses, and how crime of all kinds may cease forever."

At this moment of the story there appeared, suddenly, at the foot of the steps, the carriages and ponies. It was the hour for their accustomed drive and to-day all the children were to go on their ponies, in effect a petite body guard, or outriders, and the mirth and laughter must have reminded

Leonidas Starbright of that morning, when, at the foot of the lower terrace, he waited for the bride.

The dinner hour was six, and to-night there must be promptness, as Leonidas Jr. had announced that the company must attend the theater in full dress.

The table had been extended to great length since that beautiful morning when the two brides and grooms, with Mr. Drake and Mr. Starbright, sat down to drink their first cup of coffee together. Then there were but six; to-day seventeen, and yet there was room in this spacious hall for many more.

The candles that numbered Mr. Starbright's years, as man reckons, were ready for lighting.

One of the most delightful arrangements that it is possible to enjoy had obtained, as a daily custom, in the Starbright family, and one that was a great educator to old and young. It was the habit of bringing to the table three times daily something, each from his fund of knowledge, to explain or talk about, when the meal was over. Thus a very interesting and usually highly in-

structive hour was passed about the board. Mr. Drake would bring a new specimen of coffee, or some precious stone; Mr. Carper a map to point out a prospective trip for new land investments; Mr. Dent some strange court experience, or promulgation of a new law. The mothers brought their contributions, and in these everyone was interested.

After the table was cleared of food for the stomach, it was filled with food for the mind. The children were full of their experiences of the morning, and the after meal-time hour came to be the most instructive and attractive of the whole day to each of the household. The children grew up under the happy influence of the knowledge their parents had gained by greater efforts. It never occurred to them they were being educated. They grew daily into a new world through the thought atmosphere thus created, and that always proves a barrier to idleness and vice.

The children brought their gifts and fairly smothered their Grandfather with them and their kisses, then asked to be excused to attend to the "Fairy Queen."

The elders tarried long at the dinner table after the children had withdrawn, recounting events full of joy of which they had all partaken. To please the children they had planned to enter the theater in great state.

As we stood upon the stage to look on the "well-filled," as Leonidas called it, we found it worthy of description. Directly opposite and under the large arched doorway that led from the theater into the corridor, was an extemporized box, decorated in a truly Oriental style with rich hangings, cushions, and flags. The easy lounges, commodious and luxuriant, were designed for Mr. Starbright and his children. Directly in front of the box, and in rows were seats for the other members of the family, and their friends who had been invited. Closer still were seats for all the inmates of the household, while just back of the orchestra were all the little pickaninnies who had been trained for the chorus.

Leonidas stepped before the curtain and said:

"We have arranged a new order. We

give to wit and wisdom the highest places that we may find response and encouragement for our "Fairy Queen." Bowing he stepped down and took up his baton. Immediately the orchestra gave forth such a flood of joy that the attention of the audience was at once secured. After a few bars a chorus was faintly heard growing louder and louder as if a body of singers was coming nearer. When fully advanced the curtain went up on the scene of a fairy dance, over which was thrown, with brilliant effect, many colored lights, making it altogether charming and worthy of a larger theater.

From beginning to end the play was full of surprises, such that even their seniors could hardly believe to be the independent work of children.

To-night was the crowning exhibition, the result of giving absolute freedom to the child in the unfolding of his individuality. The exhibit proved the wisdom of the parents. One may crush out a child's ambition and aspiration with dictations, while suggestion is a most delightful and inspiring teacher.

When the curtain went up upon the brilliant scene of the riding by of the Prince, and the wooing of the "Fairy Queen," Mr. Starbright turned to Zella and said:

"The plant grows up to meet the sun. These children have carried out their own beautiful imagery because they have been left free to picture in the realm of thought what they found there."

The "Fairy Queen" was invested with all the sweetness of child-life, yet with a dignity that was mirth-provoking. When the Prince in triumph completed the wooing and led off the betrothed Queen, the poor, distressed boy-lover declared he would leave the country, for he could not mar anything so heavenly sweet as the life of the Queen with the Prince would be. He bade a pathetic farewell to all he loved, to go and seek a princedom for himself.

The audience witnessed in the next scene the beautiful love-making, and heard the enchanting music, given for effect, behind the scenes.

When the curtain went up it was upon the marriage of the Prince and the Queen. The Bishop in his gown; the maids of honor; the beautiful little flower girls and the wedding guests made indeed a surprising and effective picture. During the marriage service the Prince threw about the neck of his bride a glittering chain of jewels, and said:

"With this chain, I thee wed, by its mystic meaning thou shalt be led, whoe'er its future wearer be."

Mrs. Dent leaned eagerly forward, for the scene was so like the one in her dream at Lake Geneva. The steadier she looked the stronger grew the semblance. She turned to look at Mr. Starbright. He, too, was intensely interested, and as the curtain went down, the applause was great. Again and again it had to be rolled up, and the utmost happiness prevailed as the "Fairy Queen" and her royal husband were many times called before the curtain.

"Thus endeth this play of life," said Mr. Starbright; "let us retire."

In the library happy good-nights were said and the happy hearted sought their rooms and sleep, for the morning would bring a recountal of the joyous day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Zella could not sleep that night. All the memories of her life crowded upon her. The goodness of her foster father, the bountifulness of his love, and the crowning joy and harmony of this day and evening. A strange foreboding kept her eyes wide open. Hour after hour passed since the house was still and her strange wakefulness continued.

The great clock upon the stair that had told the breakfast hour, on the morning of her arrival when a bride, struck one with a peculiar sound. As she listened to the vibrations in their far reach as they died away, a strange vision appeared, a vision of entrancing beauty. First, a soft diaphanous light, and then figures of the same substance floating slowly, softly down from a great height in every direction. As they gathered in mid-air, a clear, white light in strong and visible rays, slanting across as from a rift in the higher heavens,

glinted the translucent wings and centered in a great luminous circle of blinding brightness, above which were visible two mighty wings.

Earnestly Zella gazed for understanding. What could it mean?

Out from this white light floated three figures earthward, and as they floated Zella heard a song of joy: "Behold, the glory of life, and the redeemed of earth." She heard the song taken up by the assembled host, and repeated and repeated, whilst the three floated nearer and nearer. Again her attention was called to the vision above. It had only intensified and now the whiteness was relieved by a delicate tinting of color that gave a warmth and lifelike appearance to the scene. Suddenly she remembered, and looked for those who had floated earthward. She could not find them, they were lost to sight. But she followed the direction of the song that was still audible to her. Presently there was the rushing of mighty wings close by; the heavenly song swelled into a great, grand hallelujah. Like mighty waves of the sea, it came near and then receding, diminished

to the softest, faintest tones, and then rolled back and burst upon her ear in inspiring strains. Thrice had this been repeated, when, again she heard the rush of wings close by her room. As she watched the three figures again slowly appeared, bearing with them another form. Upward from earth they rose, and the hosts above were now descending to meet them within the circle of the light. As they passed into the invisible, Zella caught a glimpse of the face of him who was upborne. Her heart stood still. She knew it was her father, her guardian. She knew that he had passed from her sight forever.

She felt a sacred hush and stillness, yet was filled with an ecstasy of joy. She would not break the spell of the vision, or disturb the passing of a soul. She knew well that never more should they look upon aught but the form wherein a precious life had been enshrined.

Again she heard the vibrations of the clock upon the stair—it had struck three. She had taken no note of the passing hours, for she had been till then entranced with the vision. Rising and robing herself, she

glided noiselessly into her father's room, which was next to her own. The night lamp was burning low; she crept softly to his bedside and looked upon his face; there was a smile upon it and the lips were slightly parted. She bent low her ear, yet softly and tenderly, lest she disturb the peaceful vibrations of the spirit-laden air. No breath stirred there but her own. Zella knew that she had seen her father's passage from the earth. She could not grieve, the hush and stillness was so great.

She kneeled beside the bed and bowed her head in thankfulness that his going had been so beautiful, then rising she laid herself softly down upon a couch close by, and waited and watched in the sacred silence for the dawn. She had seen the transfiguration, and death for her could leave no sting.

THE END.

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